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THE MIRROR

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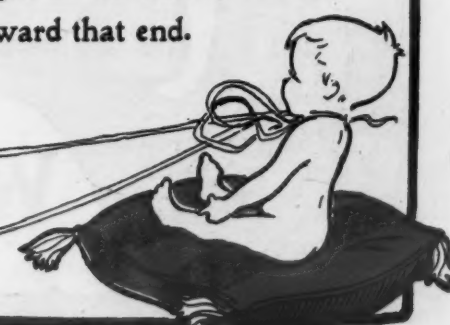


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The Mirror

VOL. XIII—No. 26

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1903.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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MR. FOLK VS. ALL HELL

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THERE is only one chance of defeating Joseph W. Folk for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri—and that's a slender one.

The chance is that something will turn up to hobble him in the long homestretch. "A great many things may happen in a year." Mr. Folk may make some mistake that will put him out of the running.

But he hasn't made any mistake thus far—at least, no mistake that the people at large have recognized as such. Mr. Folk is a wise and prudent young man.

There may be other candidates against him in such numbers that they may, in convention, unite their strength on anybody to beat Folk. But that scheme will hardly work. The only avowed candidate against him now, Judge Gantt, is practically out of the running. The response to the "rebel yell" as against "reform," has been repudiation of the "yell," as an issue. Judge Gantt suffers, furthermore, as a result of the Supreme Court's action in fining editors for contempt. The people are up in arms against what they think to be restriction upon free speech, and every member of the court suffers for the action of the body as a whole.

It is noted that most of the Congressmen who are to seek re-election next November, are trimming their sails to catch the Folk breeze. It is noted that the practical politicians in the country are wheeling into line with the Folk movement.

Those who would like to defeat Mr. Folk point out that he has not yet won over to his side the men who carry primaries and dominate conventions. That is true, but the men who carry primaries and dominate conventions do so mainly because of public apathy. When the people wake up, as they seem to be waking up on this Folk issue, the men who carry primaries and dominate conventions seek their holes and usually pull their holes in after them.

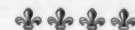
Judge Hazell's charge to the Grand Jury, at Jefferson City last Monday, may put him temporarily in the list of gubernatorial possibilities. It was an address that bore some marks of disingenuousness. That is, the charge seems to glance sideways at politics. The rhetorical reference to the glories and grandeur and integrity of Missouri smacked a little of the hustings while the warning against waste of State funds in going into investigations behind the statue of limitations, was almost laughable, except, of course, as a plea for a candidate who wants to make a watchword of economy. I think it will be found before long that Judge Hazell will be a candidate on a platform of stand up for Missouri. How far such a candidate will last against the Folk boom is hard to determine at this time. We may look, however, in the country press controlled by politicians for comparisons between the speeches of Mr. Folk and Judge Hazell, to the disadvantage of the former gentleman.

If Attorney-General Crow should make a good showing against the Jefferson City boodlers he, too, may be in the lists for Governor. He has strong support among practical politicians in all parts of the State, and would be a formidable antagonist for Mr. Folk, but for the latter's strong, long start.

The Folk boom may have been started too early to last, but he has plenty of ammunition left in his locker, to all appearances, and he is the young man

who knows when, how and where to put it out with most benefit to himself. Up to date everything seems to be coming his way, and Judge "Charlie" Peers of "up the State," had some justification for his enthusiastic outburst of "all hell can't beat him."

There's Folk's strength in a phrase. The people believe that "all hell" is against him.



REFLECTIONS

The New Pope

ROME has a new Pope—Pius X. We shall hear much of his politics and his policies, from the imaginative secular press. But it is safe to say that his policy will be the same old Roman Catholic policy of the Church first, and all things else afterwards. Rome doesn't change. Pius X will hold by the same dogmas that his predecessors stood for. He is announced as a "conservative"—as if any other than a conservative could possibly be chosen Pope. He is "friendly to Italy"—as if the Italian majority in the conclave would have chosen any man unfriendly to Italy. The editor of the MIRROR doesn't know much, if anything, about Roman politics, but he knows that the probabilities are that the new Pope is a pious old gentleman who believes that there is no salvation outside of his Church, who holds that the Church should be supreme, as devoted to the supreme purpose of saving souls. For the rest, he is a man of brains and culture, has a capacity for great affairs and knows the powers and purposes of his new position. It is too early to pass upon his qualities, at this long range. They will have to prove themselves by his works.



Baffled by the Government

WILLIAM A. MILLER, assistant foreman in the Government's printing department, was recently expelled from the Brotherhood of Bookbinders, and, subsequently, dismissed from service upon demand to that effect being made by the Brotherhood. Considering himself unlawfully discriminated against, he promptly appealed to the Civil Service Commission, which body, after a thorough investigation into his case, ordered that he be reinstated. This action of the Commission has been fully endorsed by the President. In a letter to Mr. Cortelyou, the President used this characteristically forcible language: "There is no objection to the employees of the Government printing office constituting themselves into a body, if they decide to do so, but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my duty to enforce." In another communication, Mr. Roosevelt has put the stamp of his unequivocal approval upon that paragraph of the report of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, which reads that "it is adjudged and awarded that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against, or interference with, any employé who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such union." The Brotherhood of Bookbinders was, at first, disposed to defy, and to make difficulties for, the Government, but has since thought it best to reconsider. The President's prompt and vigorous approbation of the reinstatement of Miller has convinced it that fighting the Government would be both useless and foolish.

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And thus it has come about that, by taking a firm stand, and by adhering to the fundamental law of the land and the rules of civil service, President Roosevelt has succeeded in overawing one of the bullying labor unions. It was the height of fatuous arrogance for the Brotherhood of Bookbinders to believe, at any time, that a disregard of its behests could be made a *casus belli* between it and the Government. If its leaders had any horse sense, they would have known that a Federal employé can no more be discriminated against because of his not belonging to a union than he could because of his religious belief. Under the Constitution, all are equal and in possession of the right to earn an honest living in any honest way they may choose, no matter whether they belong to a labor union or not. And the Government would violate Constitutional provisions if it were to exclude from its service anybody objectionable to workingmen's organizations. It would seem, however, that organized labor has not as yet given up the fight. We will not be many years older before unionism's voice shall have become potent in the halls of Congress, and endeavor to gain its end through devices of legislation. The supreme test between free and organized labor has yet to come. And when it does come, it may shake the foundations of the Government, but will never destroy them. The right will prevail, as it always has prevailed in the past.



A Mayoralty Candidate

THE Republicans have no candidate for Governor of Missouri, being busily engaged in boosting Mr. Folk's boom, but they have, the MIRROR is informed, a very lively candidate for Mayor in the person of Mr. Isaac A. Hedges, manager of the Cupples' Station property. Mr. Hedges is young, resourceful, popular and sincere in his belief in good government. The Democrats will find him hard to beat in their present disorganized condition.



China's Bloody An

HER CELESTIAL MAJESTY, the Empress An, of unsavory antecedents, has reverted to her old, favorite methods of dealing with political reformers and opponents. Of recent times, there have been many cruel executions of liberal-minded Chinese editors. Several of these well-meaning and fearless men are now awaiting trial and—public execution. Under An's régime, no mercy is shown to reformers. No sooner a man is accused of progressive views, than the edict issues forth from the imperial palace: "Off with his head!" Only the other day, a prominent editorial writer, who had incurred the ill-will of the imperial hag, was beaten to death with bamboo sticks. An believes in prompt and energetic action in cases of this kind. She has more faith in public executions as a means of promoting China's welfare than in a good, modern school. So far as the degenerate weakling is concerned who meekly wears the imperial crown, all that is known is that he endorses An's actions. Poor man-ikin! He cannot do aught else. The first word of protest on his part would prove his own undoing. He may have liberal political ideas, but hasn't the "nerve" to back them up in the proper way. An may think she is a clever woman. And so, perhaps, she is, from a reactionary standpoint. She is known to possess an infinite amount of refinement—of cruelty. However, and no matter what stratagems and tortures she may devise, she will not succeed in saving China from Occidental civilization. An is fighting a hopeless and a senseless fight. Like Robespierre, she will finally be choked by the blood of her numberless victims. What China should and will have is a cleaning out of the whole Manchu outfit of princely degenerates and

murderers, rapacious eunuchs and fossilized mandarins.



Garbage

THERE is an odor of garbage about the proposal to reorganize the House of Delegates. That odor may prove as disastrous to some reputations as the alum taste was to reputations in the Legislature.



Insurance Investments

IN view of the extensive shrinkage in the value of all securities, it would be interesting to know something of the bearing it had, or will have, upon the assets of the great life insurance companies. Enormous sums belonging to policy-holders are invested in stocks and bonds whose values have suffered seriously from the severe pressure of liquidation. According to the last report of the State Insurance Superintendent, the thirteen New York companies have invested almost \$700,000,000 in securities paying interest and dividends. In addition to this, they have invested over \$250,000,000 in mortgages, \$114,000,000 in real estate, and loaned \$33,500,000 on collaterals. That all this money has been safely invested cannot be admitted. The companies are not infallible in their financial diagnoses and prognoses. Some of them are, perhaps, at this hour, fully aware that they made some grievous blunders in investing surpluses. The fall in values has affected every branch of finance, every field of investment. Full and accurate life insurance companies' reports would, at present, be much appreciated, and, unquestionably, be an incentive to some strong and serious thinking.



Up-to-Date Journalism

THE ably-edited Kansas City *Star* now has its own paper mill, with a daily capacity of forty tons of white paper. The pulp for the mill is shipped from Canada. This is certainly a novel and interesting bit of newspaper enterprise. It is said that the London *Telegraph* is the only other journal in the world making its own paper. The management of the *Star* deserves to be congratulated upon its enterprise and determination to make itself as independent as possible. It has chosen the best way to beat the trust, and to assure for itself continued success and prosperity. There is nothing like owning and operating one's own plant, and all its adjuncts. It is the best means to achieve profitable results. And it is particularly to be valued because it makes for broadness and fearlessness and sincerity in opinion.



Chamberlain's Failing Fight

THE British Conservative party continues to lose ground. At a recent bye-election, its candidate, who had declared his adherence to the Chamberlain programme of protection and preferential tariffs, was badly beaten by (and this was the most significant feature of the event), a Socialistic labor candidate. The result of this parliamentary contest is generally taken to indicate that the working classes of the United Kingdom have no use for a policy which, if adopted, would lead to bitter, ruinous tariff wars, and an enhancing of the prices of breadstuffs and commodities in general. Not even that *pièce de résistance* of all protectionist programmes, the promise of higher wages, appears to avail to popularize Chamberlainism. However, the Birmingham politician has not yet given up hopes. He is making strong efforts to spread the gospel of protection. His "campaign of education" is carried on with finesse and an attractive array of blandishments. The present expectation is that general elections will take place within a few months. If the Liberals have any sort of energetic and intelligent

leadership, it should be an easy matter for them to regain political supremacy. Chamberlain has practically played into their hands with his avowed intention to embrace protectionism. With another Gladstone at their head, they would win hands down. So far as Balfour, the premier, is concerned, he appears to play second fiddle in this far-reaching and epoch-making political campaign. By first discrediting, and then, impliedly endorsing, Chamberlain's protectionist attitude, he committed what his illustrious, cynical uncle, Lord Salisbury, used to condemn as "a blazing indiscretion." Balfour presented a pitiful spectacle when he practically admitted that he did not know his own thoughts on such vital economic questions as his Colonial Secretary introduced into the field of political discussion.



Intellectual Exercise

SO THE Secretary of War is going to undertake the abolition of the bridge arbitrary. That's right. Every man of prominence has to try his hand at unsolvable problems like the authorship of Junius, the identity of the man in the Iron Mask, squaring the circle and abolishing the bridge arbitrary. They all afford mildly exhilarating mental exercise "in the good old summer time."



The People's Savings

ALTHOUGH they are often accused of extravagance and improvident habits, it yet must be regarded as a fact that Americans are great savers of money. This is clearly demonstrated by the recently-published annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency. According to the figures presented therein, the aggregate of deposits in the National and State banks is close to \$4,750,000,000. The total number of depositors is about 6,700,000, showing an increase in number, since 1896, of more than 1,600,000. The same report also shows that savings deposits in the East are much in excess of those in the West,—the respective totals being, in round figures, \$2,300,000,000 and \$450,000,000. The difference is striking, but cannot be held to indicate that the saving habit is stronger in the East than it is in the West, or that prosperity has not been so pronounced in the agricultural as it has been in the manufacturing regions. Such inferences would be altogether erroneous. There are two reasons for this difference; they are, first, the preponderance of urban population, and, second, the greater number of savings banks in the East. To these two might be added a third, namely, the unwillingness or inability of Eastern saving classes to invest their money in more profitable, though also more risky channels. In the West, the average man or woman with a few hundred dollars saved up is anxious to obtain a good return thereon. As the savings banks and trust companies do not, as a rule, offer more than three per cent per annum, he, or she of the more venturesome spirit does not shrink from a speculation of some kind or other, be it in mortgages, land, securities, or some commercial undertaking. The Western spirit courts and invites risk. It is not satisfied with small and slow returns, even if it is under no delusion regarding the many disappointments and losses often awaiting boldness in speculative operations. In the East, it is all different. There, it would seem, economic conditions are gradually assuming an European character. The savings bank depositor in Massachusetts, in his shrinking from financial venture and satisfaction with a small rate of interest, closely resembles the French *bourgeois*, whom grievous experience has taught some ineradicable lessons in matters of finance and investment. The average Gallic depositor much prefers the "sure thing," even if it holds out to him a mere

pittance of two or three per cent only. In the Eastern part of the United States, a similar state of feeling is beginning to prevail. Mortgages on Western farm land, and things of that kind, are no longer as attractive as they used to be to Eastern capitalists. The fine truth of the old financial saw, "a high rate of interest means poor security," has been brought home with powerful impact to New England people by the failures of the once so popular mortgage banks of the West, in which, by the way, Senator J. J. Ingalls was at one time more deeply interested than proved to be good for him. Undoubtedly, in the course of time, this feeling of timidity in investment will likewise assert itself in Western States. And when it does, financial idiosyncrasies will be at a large discount, and so will gold-brick schemes, and the alluring pipe-dreams of unscrupulous promoters. The person who has "money in the bank," and is determined to leave it there, in spite of a low rate of return, cannot be expected to support plans which make for political, financial and economic instability. The savings bank is a civilizer and a preserver. It gives people a chance to "be good," and to remain good. It induces people to think, and to take more interest in the affairs and laws of their Government. It leads them to some understanding of the marvelously close interdependence of nations and the complicated relations of international trade, finance, and politics at the present time. In short, it makes them citizens of the world, keenly alive to its movements and ideals.



Pensions For Workers

THE question of old-age pensions is pushing more and more to the foreground in politico-economic discussion. In some European countries, it actively engages the attention of governmental authorities. In England, for instance, Joseph Chamberlain is dragging it into almost every one of his political addresses. People who, some years ago, used to refer to it with contempt and sneers, are now discussing it in full seriousness, being no longer disposed to regard it as essentially and originally a Socialistic doctrine. This change of attitude is due, entirely, to the growing spread of democratic government, to a widening of the State's sphere of action, to a recognition of the elementary duties which it owes to organized society, and the constituent individual unit. Every civilized government deeply concerns itself, either in direct or indirect mode, with the education and maintenance of children. Why, then, it may be asked with perfect propriety, should it not provide for people whom old age, misfortune, or ill-health, has deprived of the means of subsistence? Does it not seem that the man or woman who, in spite of years of honest mental and physical effort, has failed, through adventitious circumstances that could not be controlled, to acquire or to retain a competency, is entitled to active and adequate State aid? The individual who has been a useful and necessary unit in the social organism for many years should certainly be given something better, something more humane than a place in an asylum or poor-house. We are paying out almost one hundred and fifty million dollars a year in pensions to veterans, and their dependents, and nobody cares to raise any serious objection to it. It is generally taken for granted that the pensioners are entitled to the gratitude of the Nation. Yet, it would seem that the worker is a much more valuable and deserving individual than the warrior. He who has fought the bitter fight of life, and been defeated in the end, has a stronger claim upon our generosity and gratitude than he who fights the Nation's enemy for a few months or a few years. There is more of the heroic stuff in the honest, faithful, industrious toiler in fac-

tory, field or office, than in him who seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. The vocation of the warrior is noble; but that of the worker is still more so. It requires more and a better sort of courage, or heroism, to toil year in and year out, to gain the means of living for oneself and wife, and children, or parents, than to take part in war's battles, be they ever so eventful and glorious, and to kill men who have done us no evil. Yes, the worker is, by all odds, the true warrior. And, being this, why shouldn't the State give him a pension when disease, or accident, or old age, or ill-luck has made him an object of charity? It is estimated that, if every man and woman in this country, dependent upon charity, were now in receipt of aid from the Government, the total annual outlay would be but little more than the present payments to war veterans and their dependents. There is nothing more pitiful than old people who are compelled to beg the pittance on which they live, or to spend the few last days of their long, weary life's struggle in asylums. To people with feeling it is a spectacle twinging the heart strings in its potent appeal to the sense of justice, in the poignant lesson it teaches of the ironies and futilities and vicissitudes of life. To the warrior of a short period we are grateful and profuse in giving honor, but to the life-long, honest worker, who has fought the fierce, economic battles, and been vanquished, we offer nothing but empty sympathy and the dingy poor-house.



About Art

ONCE more they are discussing that old stand-by of the silly season in literature: "Is art a product of disease?" This ancient query has never ceased to interest minds of erratic fancy. Lombroso and Nordau have considered it in all its aspects and bearings and spilled gallons of ink in efforts to prove that nearly every great poet, novelist, painter, sculptor and musician has been a sort of "looney" in some way or other. They have "knocked" most of the men of genius whom the world has admired and honored. According to that patriarchal "crank" in Russia, Count Tolstoy, modern art is all disease and gangrene. It is fit for nothing but abhorrence and extermination. Yet, in spite of all this torrential flood of vituperation, we continue to cherish art in its accustomed forms, even that produced by men whose modes of thinking and acting were bizarre to a degree. True art, it would seem, has ever been the product of brains and hearts of the uncommon kind. It never flourished among the *bourgeois* and philistine elements, among people who implicitly believe that the heartaches and brilliancy of artists originate entirely in the agitations of a disordered and rebellious pylorus. Art cannot, ordinarily, be expected from the "clod-hopper," who is content to take the world for what it seems to be, and is innocent of divine longings and discontents.



Slums and Degeneration

THE British War Office is much alarmed over the numerous rejections of applicants for army-service. It is believed that the lower strata of population are gradually degenerating, owing to ill-housing, ill-feeding and vicious modes of living in the slum districts of the great cities. The subject has engaged so much attention that the Government recently decided to conduct a careful inquiry into economic and moral conditions prevailing in urban centers. High medical authorities will take part in this investigation. Close observation for many years has engendered the impression that, while, from the artisan class upward, the physique of men, and particularly of women, is undergoing constant improvement, decidedly the reverse is the case among the classes below. In France

and Belgium, investigation has created a similar belief. The increasing flow of population to large cities, and the consequent congestion in slum districts, are matters deserving of the solicitude of every progressive nation. If this marvelous industrial expansion of modern times leads to racial degeneration, it is dearly bought. With the establishment of proper safeguards in connection with building, sanitation and hours of labor, and with efficient regulation of the employment of women and children, the danger of degeneration would be reduced to a minimum, or disappear altogether. Why should industrial progress give us such a brood of evils? Should it not rather prove a source of constant physical, moral and economic betterment? It is only by abusing its fruits that it can be, and is, converted into man's enemy and destroyer.



Hot Times in Austria-Hungary

EVERYTHING is topsy-turvy in the Hungarian Diet. One row follows the other with beautiful regularity. Things are about to reach that stage where forbearance ceases to be a virtue. The hot-headed deputies hurl about charges of bribery, engage in fisticuffs, smash noses and fight duels almost every other day. Racial hatred and the agitation of the Kossuth party for Hungarian independence are the chief reasons of the uninterrupted uproar and blocking of all legislation. The Magyar is violently opposed to the continued use of the German language in the Hungarian army. He has resolved to stick up for his own language, which he considers as good as any other. The Teuton is an object of execration and contempt in the kingdom, for the only reason, probably, that, but for him, the Magyars would long since have shared the fate of the Poles. At the same time, there is a bitter and irrepressible feud between the Magyars and Slavs in Croatia. The latter are endeavoring to gain autonomy, that is, to establish their own kingdom. For some months past, there has been no end of disorder, with occasional bloodshed, in Croatia. Military assistance had to be requisitioned several times before a semblance of peace could be re-established. In view of all these racial hates and conflicts, it is no wonder that old Emperor Francis Joseph does not regard his job as a "soft snap." His Teutons, Bohemians, Magyars, Poles, Italians and Croats, make life and duty one long round of misery for him. What the final upshot of this turmoil and agitation will be, is hard to foresee, at the present time. The new Hungarian Premier is doing all he can to effect compromises, and to pour oil on the troubled political waters, but is seriously handicapped by the fact that, in spite of his Magyarized patronymic, he is known to be of fine old Teuton stock. He seems to be trusted neither by the "shameless Hun," nor the ruthless Slav. After the old Emperor has gone to his more or less illustrious forefathers, there will be all kinds of trouble in every nook and corner of the empire of the Hapsburgs. That, when the break-up sets in, Russia, Germany and Italy will permit of the establishment of several more 'teenth-rate kingdoms à la Servia, is very doubtful. It is more likely that, true to their political ambitions, they will amicably apportion the territory among themselves. The fate of Poland awaits all the warring racial factions of Austria.



Justice for the Poor

IN New York, they have an organization called the Legal Aid Society; which has been in existence for more than twenty years. Its sole aim is to procure legal redress to people who are without the means to employ their own attorneys. It is in receipt of contributions from philanthropically disposed people, but

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is not exactly a charitable institution. It was organized by business men, and is conducted on strict business principles. In the long years of its activity, it has accomplished much real good. It accepts all kinds of law-suits, except for divorce, which it refuses on ethical grounds, and for damages, which, it rightly thinks, many attorneys can readily be induced to handle. Last year, this unique organization rendered legal assistance to sixteen thousand people. Every applicant for its aid must prove, as a pre-requisite, that he has not the wherewithal to hire his own counsel. His case must also be meritorious; that is, based on good legal and moral grounds. The society pays special attention to the collection of wages from dishonest employers, and to cases where people have been victimized by money sharks and such as sell goods on the installment plan. Owing to its prestige, it frequently has but little difficulty in effecting satisfactory compromises with persons who are afraid of its aggressiveness and strong array of legal talent. Many a poor man or woman has had legal grievances adequately and quickly redressed by the society's efforts who would otherwise have remained absolutely helpless, and at the mercy of conscienceless wrong-doers. The society's useful activity has gone a long way towards enhancing respect for the law and its officers among the poor classes, to whom inability to obtain justice is equivalent to a complete denial thereof. Instituting legal action through an organization of this kind is, undoubtedly, more agreeable to persons of self-respect than permission from the court to sue *in forma pauperis*. There should be organizations of this kind in all the large cities. Anything apt to make people realize that justice can be obtained by everybody, and that the laws have been made for rich and poor alike, deserves encouragement and active support. The time has come to banish the spirit of ancient feudal aloofness and implied contempt of the poor from our courts, and to efface the idea from people's minds that justice must be regarded as a luxury rather than a necessity in organized society.



Towne, the Apostate

THE Hon. Charles Arnette Towne, who used to loom so large in the political field some years ago, is suffering from insomnia. This would indicate that he has made his "pile." For it is only the man who has worshiped long and ardently at the shrine of Mammon who can afford to sport such a rare detail of luxury as insomnia. The erstwhile political orator and would-be statesman has not done much talking in recent times, but has done a good deal in the way of speculating in oil lands and oil stocks, and various other things thoroughly abhorred by unterrified old Populistic war-horses. Like many others of his political antecedents and mold of thought, Towne has been wise enough not to let the grass grow under his feet while "general prosperity" ruled the land and legislation. With characteristic zeal, he hied himself down to the spacious counties in Texas, where he bought oil-land which, afterwards, "gushed" a good deal of wealth into his pockets. The base insinuation has been heard that Towne has forgotten all about the "cross of gold" business, and that he is no longer disposed to pick flaws in the gold standard. Towne is now a business man, with all a business man's thrift, acumen and political economy. Very close he stands to Wall street cliques and stock-jobbers. He is now a familiar figure "in the enemy's country." It is known that his income from "gushers" in Texas has been largely multiplied by the wiles and wickedness of bulls and bears. Towne has become thoroughly commercialized in a hopelessly commercial age. Perhaps he, also, now considers the National flag a great "com-

mercial asset." Far, it seems, has he strayed from the old ideas and idols. Towne has ceased to walk in the old, well-beaten paths of political "doctrinaires." Time, luck and apostasy have made a conservative out of him, a careful, calculating *bourgeois*, fearful of political unrest, and all things likely to disturb "general business prosperity." The gold standard, Wall street and Texas "gushers," have sent Populistic ideals a-glimmering in Towne's mind. No longer does he care for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of "sixteen-to-one;" no longer does he lie awake o' nights thinking of the ills and woes of a generation nailed upon a cross of gold by soulless corporations and money syndicates. Towne has repented and recanted. Like portly Hogg, of Texas, he was fed on the spoils of "General Prosperity," and waxed fat and complacent on them.



Wall Street Heroes

WHAT has become of all those "captains of industry" of whom we used to hear and read so much in days gone by? Have they all dropped back into the ranks of privates and charitable obscurity? It would seem so, since the former frenzied acclaim of the multitude has been followed by strange silence. There was any number of these "self-made" men, who gained millions and Wall street notoriety, and could talk so glibly about the only true paths to success in business and those fine, old virtues of honesty, frugality and thrift, which, nowadays, are more honored in the breach than the observance. They were looked upon by admiring hosts as shining exemplars of true American enterprise and sagacity in business, as types of men well worthy of honor and emulation. Even in Europe, people spoke with respect of these "captains of industry," and eulogized their character and achievements, although some Frenchmen could not wean themselves of the habit which compelled them cynically to refer to American "*chevaliers d'industrie*," a designation which is a most damnably literal rendition of the English original. Since then, however times, conditions and minds have undergone great changes. The "captains of industry" have "slumped" heavily in public esteem, and all on account of the crash in Wall street values and a series of disclosures throwing lurid flashes upon the doings of this class of men in connection with the promotion of combines and manipulation of stock quotations. None of these whilom "captains" could, to-day, command a "corporal's guard" of followers and admirers. Theirs was a little and a brilliant fame. They have had their day, which proved very short and stormy. Not even the mightiest and the bravest of them all—J. P. Morgan—could successfully withstand the depredations of bears and the clamant attitude of fooled and foiled investors. The "captains of industry," who used to set Wall street aroar, have become meek and mute. Their glamour and their glory have departed.



Golden Silence

A ST. LOUIS wife took a dose of carbolic acid the other day because her husband had not spoken to her for two hours. No husband, of St. Louis or elsewhere, would ever attempt suicide for a cause like that.



The X-Ray

INVENTOR EDISON claims that the use of X-rays in his electrical experiments has caused the formation of knots in his digestive apparatus, but the doctors say that the knots come from his irregular eating. Mr. Edison says he will, in future, leave the X-ray alone. It is probably time that some one speaking

with the scientific authority of Mr. Edison, should utter a warning against the rays. Their use appears to have done about as much harm as good, since their discovery. The X-ray machine, bunglingly used, has maimed or killed hundreds of people. Its use should be licensed.



Child-Love Faking

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM, who has made fame and fortune by writing children's stories, will not allow her husband's children, by his first wife, in her house. Mrs. Daskam says she doesn't like children, except the children of her brain. But now that the people know her child-love is all a business pretence, will they read and smile and weep over the fakes?



The Postal Crooks

THOSE Post-Office scandals in Washington are being steadily minimized and suppressed in Washington. The atmosphere of Missouri is more unhealthy for crooks than the atmosphere of the District of Columbia. Yet the Republican press continues to yawp about boodle in this State, while maintaining silence about the boodle and graft in the Post-Office Department. The National Republican administration should try to show, at least, a little of the activity shown against the thieves in Missouri.



Queer Decisions

THE United States Circuit Court has decided that the ownership of competing parallel railway lines in Minnesota by the Northern Securities Company is all right. Let's see! Didn't the court, through Judge Thayer, decide just the opposite a few weeks ago? If the courts continue thus to loop-the-loop upon themselves and telescope one decision with another, what is going to happen? Will not "contempt of court" become general?



Better Water

It appears to be about time that there should be something doing to give this city purer and clearer water for the World's Fair. It seems to the MIRROR that this is one of the biggest, if not the biggest World's Fair problem. And it's strange that a mild typhoid epidemic and threatened water famine doesn't bring the problem more prominently forward in the papers. There are other matters of importance, besides boodlers and their prosecutors.



PITCHFORKING THE NEGRO

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

OF course, Senator Ben Tillman is a good deal of a faker, and men who know him are inclined to smile at his rampant oratory and excess of invective about men and things in whom, and in which he has really no genuine interest. Just now he and Senator Burton of Kansas are touring the summer resorts and the Chautauqua assemblies in a kind of vaudeville stunt called a "debate on the negro question," in which the Cyclopean fire-eater from the South matches his anti-negro vituperation against Burton's cream-puff platitudes about "uplifting the colored race."

Tillman is forever shouting about the "Northern determination" to make the negro a social equal. This is balderdash, pure and simple, because the negro in the North offers no race problem whatever. With us the black man, like the white man, is regarded only in the personal and individual sense. In the Middle and Western States more white men than negroes

have been lynched. Horse stealing and cattle rustling were stamped off the plains and the ranges by means of the Winchester rifle, the lariat and the occasional telegraph pole. The pioneer courts were worse than dilatory, they were corrupt, and the men who stood for right and justice enforced their ideas of law with a rough and ready hand.

The regulators and vigilantes of the West were not engaged either in a race war or in a crusade for the uplift of any tribe or people. They dealt with individuals as they found them, to the end that the Western Caucasian of to-day is the superior type of American manhood. One of the chief troubles of the American negro lies in the fact that his white neighbors persist in regarding him only as the representative of a race. One-half the public wants to exterminate or exile him; the other half would coddle him into the useless or impossible attitude of a spoiled dependent.

For men of the apparent intelligence of Senator Tillman to go about screaming their determination to deny the negroes the right either to live or vote is bunco on the face of it, since every Southern State insists and maintains its legislative and official representation upon populations of which the blacks make up the great majority. As a matter of fact, we, of the North, care not a penny whether the South Carolina "coon" is allowed to vote or not; but so long as we know that white politicians like Ben Tillman and his contemporaries insist upon the State's political prestige being based upon its claims to population, regardless of color, we will continue to scoff at loud-mouthed lucubrations on the "negro problem" such as Tillman has been giving us.

Burton's blithering about the social uplift of the colored race is more disgusting than Tillman's fire and brimstone. No race in the United States can be uplifted *as a race*. To give the black man every privilege which the laws accord him is the only way to help him. Forget his race and treat the individual on his merits. To talk of making him the social equal of the white American is rot. Nobody is trying to uplift the Jewish race by bringing all the be-whiskered pawn-brokers and junk dealers into our churches, schools and homes. We don't hate the Jews, and we don't pet them. More crimes are committed in the Servian, Polish and Croatian districts of Chicago every day than can be traced to our Little Africa in a week. Yet we never hear of a "Polish problem," nor any race problem, except the negro's.

"Would you marry your daughter to a nigger?" yawns Tillman. No, Ben, we would not. We might also resent the very thought of marrying her to a Dutch bar-tender, or a Dago organ grinder, or even to an Irish hod-carrier, and yet, because we don't want any of these honest vulgarians in the family, we can't see that we must, therefore, deny them the right to vote; or that we must lynch them on every possible pretext; or that we must make a race problem about them.

The right-minded American can have neither race bigotries nor predilections in his attitude towards his fellow citizens. The negro rapist no more represents his race than a Wyoming cattle thief represents the commonwealth upon which he is a scab. Of course, Lynch law is no law at all, but, under certain conditions, I, for one, am heartily in favor of a decorous lynching done with neatness and dispatch, whether for the brutal despoiler of women or for the cowardly brigand of the lawless lands. At the same time, I defy either the mellifluous Burton or the vituperative Tillman to make a race problem out of the vindictive prejudices of one or the maudlin sentimentality of the

other. The drivel uttered by reformers and sensationalists of the Burton and Tillman stripe has done more to keep the negro within narrowed and narrowing race limitations than any pigment of skin or strain of blood. It may be true that no great number of negroes will ever achieve the mental and moral stature of his white neighbors. It may be true that the average negro will be always a good deal of a child, a trifle, a dependent in the sense of personal helplessness. But these probabilities must have no influence upon our treatment of the individual black. He is entitled to the advantages of citizenship, of schools, of tolerance so far as he abides within the law.

The "bad nigger" should be despised and avoided, just as the bad Indian, or the tough white man, or the dishonest Jew, or the sinister Mongolian, but always as an individual. The good negro should be helped, encouraged, sustained, not because he is a negro, but because he is law-abiding, industrious, intelligent individual. No reform is worth a damn that doesn't originate in the individual and culminate in the conscious development of the subject. The negro, like every other unit in our polyglot population, must, and will, work out his own salvation in the course of time. It is our business to help his good endeavors, and to check his relapses into barbarism either with a good school or a staunch gallows.

Burton and the professed "nigger lovers"; who are striving to canonize the whole race of blacks, are but whetting the fury of the "nigger haters." The mushy sentiment which prompts some men and women to "make much" over every blue-gummed darky they can meet, is almost as disgusting and quite as unreasonable as the frenzy of bigotry which prompted the mob at Danville to hang and burn one negro because another had outraged a white woman.

Give us a rest on this, and all other "race problems."

There isn't any race problem—only a question of discipline, of law, of fairness, of patience which endures, and of justice which is at least color-blind.



MOTHERS AND EDUCATION

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

IT seems very strange, almost past belief, that in educated, progressive England, the statement that "a highly educated woman rarely gives birth to perfect children," should be considered seriously enough to call for refutation. And yet that such is the fact the *London News* proves by its exhaustive, refutatory handling of the subject, and the thorough investigations along the same line recently finished by the principal of Newnham College, an institution which stands for the advanced education of women in the British Isles.

One would almost think that there is a trend toward the uplifting of all conditions save that of motherhood, the one great condition which holds in trust the very existence of the race. Why it should be necessary that a woman be ignorant to bear perfect children, is a proposition passing all logic and common sense. The parent tree is cultivated that its fruit may be perfect; why, then, must the human parent be held in the bonds of stupidity to produce the same result? Statistics have gone to prove, *au contraire*, that the majority of our intellectual men were sons of mothers intelligent beyond the ordinary. There may have been, stupid, cow-like women who have produced sons and daughters of genius—Nature is prone to vagaries at times, and overleaps her own laws—but I doubt it. The very pre-natal history of a child excludes the idea. On the other hand, the mental status of a mother

too often sets a dominant seal upon an entire family line. For example, the writer calls to mind one family whose history was that of strong, substantial men and women, until one of the line married a beautiful woman of mediocre intellect, addicted to drink; from her have descended two generations whose history, with but few exceptions, is that of degenerates, two murders being included in the list of crime out-croppings, with a further record for drunkenness and libertinism. The blood strain of one mother has corrupted the line through untold generations; it may reach the biblical "third and fourth." It may go away beyond.

If motherhood were simply to be viewed as a physical act, there is no doubt that the mental status of a cow is sufficient; she bears her young, she suckles it, having produced it, she feeds it until it can feed itself. In the mere animal act of life and nourishment there is no more to be done, but if we are to hold human motherhood at that standpoint, then Heaven help a race that it has taken some thousands of years to raise from naked earth-grovelers and eaters of raw flesh to their present heritage of civilization. There is more truth than Kiplingism in the "Just So" story of the "Cat that Walked by Himself." "Of course, the Man was wild, too. He was dreadfully wild. He didn't even begin to be tame until he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways. She picked out a nice, dry cave, instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down in; and she strewed clean sand on the floor; and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the cave; and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail-down, across the opening of the cave; and she said: 'Wipe your feet, dear, when you come in, and now we'll keep house.' " The brain of the race-mothers have played no small part in the evolution of the race; if *all* had been cow-like, the chances are that we would yet be at the "heap-of-wet-leaves" stage.

Professor Baldwin, of Princeton, in his "story of the Mind," in speaking of heredity, says: ". . . We see at once that, in order to come in for a part in the social heritage of our fathers, we *must be born fit* for it. We must be born so endowed for the race of social life, that we assimilate, from our birth up, the spirit of the society into which we are reared." And it is to the mothers of the race that society looks for this being "born fit." Ignorance is no qualification for a woman, either before or after motherhood, even if so learned and eloquent a man as Demosthenes did say, some twenty-two hundreds of years ago, that the only object of the sex was "to bear legitimate children, and to be faithful warders of the house." We have grown beyond the cow and watch-dog stage in this year of our Lord—1903—and though, according to von Bärenbach, the sex "has never yet produced a genius, and is obviously unfit to study philosophy; it has produced some men of genius and wise philosophers who laid the garlands of their fame at the feet of their brainy mothers.

It is not less education, but more, that the mothers need; education in its broadest, fullest sense; education that, built upon the technical, is adjusted to the practical; education that lifts woman above the natural subjectiveness of her sex to a wider comprehension of life; education that teaches her to comprehend the natures and the needs of the young she bears, and that, in teaching her this, puts in her hands the power to safeguard not only the bodies of her children, but their souls.

If *all* mothers, for instance, knew the ordinary laws of health and the theories of disease germs, and were intelligent enough to apply them in their own homes, who can compute the lessening of the death-rate

among children that would follow? Who can calculate the decrease in contagious diseases that would result? As it is, the intelligent, educated mother is in the minority; she may keep her own house free of disease germs, but if she is surrounded by mothers who "do not know and cannot understand," her own children are liable to pay the penalty of her neighbors' ignorance.

And how much more is this true in cases of moral contamination. The mother who is ignorant, or stupid, or indifferent, is a social menace. She cannot meet the awakening mind of her young, she is unable to cope with the questions that touch upon all the mysteries of life and death and heaven and hell that are enfolded within the brain of a child, and that are unfolded in reckless profusion and confusion as the activity of the brain demands. Naturally, it is to the mother that the child turns first in its questionings; meeting no satisfactory response, it is thrown back upon its own imagination, and such information as it secures from others. Children are gregarious animals, they demand companionship, and they seek it, and it is to other children that they turn for gratification of a curiosity that, in its insatiate scope, holds all that men have discovered, and much of which men have only dreamed. In their rudderless quest for knowledge, they drift into strange waters, and see distorted visions; natural phenomena become tabooed mysteries, that which should be clean, becomes tainted with foul imaginings, and many a boy or girl sinks, for lack of an intelligent mother, into the bogs and slime of degeneracy.

It is a terrible and a beautiful thing,—this motherhood. It takes all the brains, all the heart, and all the prayers of which a human soul is capable to steer the life-crafts of its young into clean and wholesome waters. It is not less knowledge, or less faith, or less love that we need; it is more, and more, and always more.

THE IRONY OF IT

A HOSPITAL EPISODE.

"SHAKE up my pillows, please, dear."

It was as natural to Ronald to use the caressing epithet as for some men to omit the "please."

He never gave a thought to what the little "dear" might mean to the young girl in the neat gingham frock and apron who had been in attendance upon him since he first entered the hospital. His brown eyes lighted up when she came near him. He liked her to smooth the sheets and do all the little offices that make a sick room seem less like a prison. Sometimes he caught her smooth, soft, yet firm hands in his, and pressed them gently. She was so kind, so tender to him.

It was her duty to do what she could to make his aching bones forget their pains. But, somehow, when Ronald spoke to her Anne forgot she was only a trained nurse. He had such a loving way with him. Women had petted him since he was an infant. They all loved him. How could Anne escape his charm?

As for Ronald, to him she was only his nurse. Yet he could no more help making love to her than he could change the fact that he loved but one—and that one Marion.

Marion did not know he was ill. He would not let them send her word, for that would spoil her pleasure. She, beautiful, happy creature, was enjoying her first season in society. She wrote to Ronald, and he on his bed of pain listened to Anne as she read the gay accounts of teas, balls and dinners in which "I" figured largely, with hints of the conquests "I"

was making by the score. Ronald was supposed by his fiancée to be surveying railroads in Arizona and looking, perhaps, for a stray mine that might bring the wedding day nearer the present.

To Anne it all seemed terribly selfish. She looked at Ronald, pale on his pillows, and wondered how any woman could go on and amuse herself far from him. "Why doesn't she know, and come?" she asked herself.

Then she hugged closer her joy in her task. She let her heart luxuriate in the crumbs that fell her way, tender words unconsciously dropped, delicious moments when Ronald's hand touched hers, or his brown eyes smiled into her gray ones. She wore herself into a shadow over her charge, denying herself sleep that he might miss no moment of her care.

And one day into the sick-room floated a radiant vision. It was not necessary to tell Anne who it was.

"Marion!" a weak voice called from the pillows. The brown head was raised and two thin arms were outstretched.

"Ronald, why didn't I know before?"

The great bunch of roses she carried fell upon the floor as the radiant vision leaned over the brown head.

Anne turned her face away. The end had come, she knew, for her.

"You'll get well, darling, now that I have come," cooed Marion.

"That I will, sweetheart," returned Ronald, his own face reflecting her radiance.

"It's all very well to say doctors can cure one," went on Marion, "but they can't, you know. A little love—a great big lot of love—is what does the business."

Ronald remembered something then.

"Marion, I want you to meet my little nurse," he said, "she's the best little nurse in all the world."

But when Marion turned to the window, there was no figure in a neat gingham frock and white apron there. Anne had gone.

San Francisco Town Talk.

AN ANTIPODEAN STATESMAN

BY CHESTER F. DIXON.

AMERICAN and European publicists are, at the present time, earnestly studying the form of government and legislative polity of the Commonwealth of New Zealand. Some of them confidently anticipate a complete break-down of the political machinery of these Antipodeans, on account of their government's coquetting with Socialistic and Single Tax theories. Among English economic writers, the impression is strong that New Zealand's present political course will, in the end, drive all capital and enterprise from the island, and lead to grave social disturbances and widespread distress.

Among the radical school of political economists, however, an entirely different idea appears to prevail. There, the disposition is manifest to encourage the government of New Zealand in its present policy, and to prophesy, with the utmost of enthusiasm, that the roseate ideals of Karl Marx, Lasalle and Henry George will be brought to full materialization by the men now at the head of its government. These radical theorists are ardent admirers of the present Premier of New Zealand, Richard Sedden. They consider him the man with the requisite qualities and knowledge to confute all his censors, and to make theory chime well with practical affairs. Who is Richard Sedden? He is a man of mind and marrow, welding together a nation and making history.

Richard Sedden is often called the "uncrowned king of New Zealand." He is a man of unbounded

energy, thoroughly conversant with modern ideals and wants, and with a wide knowledge of men and politics. He is of dignified exterior and bearing, gravely courteous, a fluent talker, and, what is particularly to be put down to his credit, an excellent listener. Richard Sedden is a practical statesman, and this, in spite of the fact that he does not shrink from introducing radical theories into his system of government.

That he is popular among his people has frequently been demonstrated. He is, in every sense of the phrase, the man of the hour in New Zealand. The people have the utmost of confidence in his ability and integrity. Anything that "Dick" Sedden proposes or endorses is sure to go through with a vim and a hurrah. Some of his friends are given to considering him the Porfirio Diaz of New Zealand. They think that their political demi-god has the same singleness and firmness of purpose, the same energetic ambition, the same disregard of opposition and difficulties, that the President of the Mexican Republic has manifested during the long years of his remarkably successful administration.

The career of Richard Sedden has been full of ups and downs, of adventures and dangers, of triumphs and defeats. The son of a small Lancashire farmer, he learned the trade of a mechanical engineer, and went to Australia when eighteen years old. He arrived in Victoria in 1863, at the time when the first discoveries of gold were made and caused tremendous excitement. Sedden promptly made for the gold fields, with thousands of others. However, he failed to "strike it rich." After many weary months of digging, he thought best to quit and to look around for different and more promising opportunities to better his condition. Early in 1866, the news came of the discovery of large quantities of gold along the west coast of New Zealand. Sedden, eager to try his luck a second time, promptly departed for the new El Dorado, with but little more to his name than he had at the time he left England. When he reached the new fields, he wisely decided to make his fortune in a different way than gold mining. Selecting a promising mining camp, he opened a saloon and soon became the most popular man in the entire gold camp. At first, he owned a small shanty on the roadside, and dispensed a little cheap rum and whiskey. Money rolled in to such an extent that he was able to establish a high-class saloon and a big mercantile business when the camp became more settled and civilized.

As the years passed by, Sedden's fortune grew. The workingmen were his friends and admirers. They liked his courage, his kindness, his readiness to help others, his democratic ways and views. After having been elected to several minor local offices, he was sent to the Colonial Parliament, in 1879, as the representative of one of the mining districts. Since that time, he has never failed of re-election. Signal services to his constituents precluded the success of every opponent. In former times, political life in New Zealand was as wild and woolly in its primitive simplicity and manifestations as it used to be in the United States at a similar early stage of political development. New Zealanders are fond of telling how Sedden once descended from the platform at a boisterous meeting, walked through the yelling, surging crowd, up to a couple of the ring-leaders, seized one with each hand, dragged them from their seats, kicking and fighting, and threw them down stairs, without anybody's help. Then he went back to the platform, and serenely finished his speech amid respectful silence.

Within a few years after entering Parliament, Sed-

den began to distinguish himself as one of the strongest men of the Radical party. When Premier Ballance, an able leader of the Radicals, died, in 1893, it was the common saying that no one could succeed him and hold the party together as he had done. But Sedden quietly stepped into the vacant place, and soon led the Radicals to such triumphs as they had never dreamed of under Ballance.

Since 1893, Richard Sedden has been the Colonial Premier of New Zealand. Last November, his party was again returned to power by a decisive majority, and he will remain at the helm of government until the end of 1905. He is, however, not only Premier,—he is likewise the lord high everything else of New Zealand: postmaster-general, minister of labor, minister for native affairs, minister for electric telegraphs, colonial treasurer and bossing a few other odd jobs connected with his government. And for the discharge of all these numerous duties he draws the princely salary of five thousand dollars.

From the very start, his avowed policy has been to tax the big land-owners and capitalists out of existence by his system of graduated taxation of land and incomes, and to divide the land in small lots among the people. At one time, his opponents insisted that such a course was in violation of British principles. "I know that," retorted Sedden. "In England, half the people who reach the age of sixty-five also reach the poor-house, and in London, one person out of five dies in the work-house, the hospital or the lunatic asylum. We want to establish our civilization in this new land on a broader basis, in a deeper sympathy for humanity."

Thus it is that New Zealand, under Sedden's strenuous and go-ahead-no-matter-what-happens administration, has become the pet State of Socialists all over the world, and the *bête noire* of all conservative politicians. The financial columns of London papers frequently teem with caustic references to Sedden's "paradise of fools," and his oligarchy of union labor tyrants and economic visionaries.

Sedden is not content with having New Zealand a prosperous and practically autonomous nation. It is his life's ambition to make it an empire with surrounding tributary islands. With this object in view, he has already annexed several islands in the Eastern Pacific to New Zealand (not to England, mind you), and announced his determination to annex several more lying around loose in the watery wastes. Sedden is, indeed, the "uncrowned king of New Zealand." While he would, undoubtedly, spurn a royal crown with contemptuous indifference, he is in possession of more powers and privileges, and given more opportunity to assert his will and to gratify his ambitions, than is King Edward.



A TRAMP MAYOR

RESULT OF A PRACTICAL JOKE IN POLITICS.

THE people of Amesville, Ohio, are now fully convinced that it does not pay to indulge in practical jokes in the election of a Mayor. They tried it, and, as a result, the town has for Mayor a man who was known as a tramp, who had served time in the Cincinnati workhouse. It was all a joke, but it has become a stern reality since Governor Nash has refused to exercise his power under the new municipal law, and set aside the election, leaving Mayor Clark in possession of the office. The politicians thought it would be a good joke to nominate the tramp for Mayor. The people thought the joke so good that they followed the precedent and elected him. Then they all turned to the Governor and petitioned him

to set aside the election on the ground that it was illegal. The lawyers and the best representatives of the town went to Columbus recently to lay their petition before the Governor, and after hearing them, Governor Nash said he could see no cause for his interference. The people had elected their Mayor knowing all about him; elections were serious affairs and the people of Amesville should learn not to treat such a matter as a joke. So the town has a tramp Mayor.

Amesville is in Athens county, and a town of about one thousand inhabitants. Last year's Mayor, Edward Clark, was not exactly popular in Amesville, and his election against the candidate named to oppose him was quite impossible. So his crowd hit upon a plan to keep him in office by nominating somebody as a "joke," who should afterward prove ineligible and be removed, allowing the incumbent to retain office for another year.

At the convention there was a prearranged deadlock and, as a compromise, the name of one Alonzo R. Weed, a dwarf tramp just out of the Cincinnati workhouse, was offered and he was almost unanimously chosen and his name went on the ticket. Weed, who is known as "Midget" among the tourist fraternity, was offered a gallon jug of choicest rye whisky if he would agree not to take a drink until after the election and until his case should be decided by Governor Nash. Pending the decision he was to be kept in luxury in a boarding house and was to be given clean linen and new clothes.

The compact was kept and Weed was elected as a huge "joke." Of course the people generally did not know of the deal to keep the old Mayor in office, but they were stampeded by what they considered a huge joke and simply voted for Weed, with the idea that the opposition candidate would easily get enough votes to be elected.

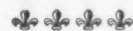
But the dwarf tramp was elected, and then a long list of "fearful" charges were filed with Governor Nash. These were signed by Acting Mayor Clark, Councilmen Henry and Beasley and Clerk McCune, and related that Weed's habits were quite unfit for such a dignified position; that he was a person of intemperate habits, and that his only claim to residence in Ohio was the fact that he had just spent fourteen months in the workhouse at Cincinnati.

The charges were duly filed, and a day set for a hearing and the Amesvillians were on hand in force. Mayor Weed was not present, but he was represented by Hon. L. G. Worstell. The signers of the petition were in evidence, as was also their attorney, Judge Israel M. Foster of Athens. The Mayor's counsel admitted every specification in the complaint, but he held that they all related to acts committed prior to the election and the municipal code recognized charges against a Mayor only such as were committed while in office, and in this stand Governor Nash fully concurred.

The charges of intemperance would not hold, because both sides admitted that while Weed had been bribed with a jug of whisky to remain sober for a specific length of time, he had not touched liquor in any form, and this one act set aside all claims as to his inability soberly to administer the affairs of the town. Governor Nash took the stand that as this was the first case, the man seems to have been elected Mayor as a establish a precedent, so he decided that Weed should be reinstated as Mayor. In part, the decision reads:

"From what I have been able to learn about this case the man seems to have been elected Mayor as a sort of a joke. The people knew his characteristics just as well when they voted for him as they did afterward. They deliberately made their own bed by electing this man Mayor of their town, and I think they ought to learn that the election of a Mayor is not

a joke; that it is a very solemn act, and if they deliberately proceed to elect such a man Mayor of their town, they must stand the consequences."



THE SIN OF PRIDE

BY COUNT D'ARSCHOT.

IT is in the Crimea, in the vicinity of Sebastopol, on the shores of the Black Sea.

From the undulating, arid and immense plateau, one can see nothing but the city in the distance, and, here and there, a flashing, tiny bit of blue water. By following the serpentine highway, the traveler reaches a little group of buildings of weather-beaten, ancient exterior. It is the monastery of Saint George, builded—oh, irony of the rise and fall of religions—upon the very foundations of a Roman temple of Diana.

After passing through an enclosure of small dimensions, half garden and half cemetery, and a passageway, clean and well-kept, one enters another small garden, which declines almost abruptly. Here, in bewildering confusion, are little chapels, towers—suggestive of the slender, coquettish minarets of the Moslems who once held sway in this paradisaical country,—tombstones, half sunk into the sandy soil, on graves covered with a profusion of wild roses and noxious weeds and overshadowed by beautiful, century-old cypresses and planes, whose leaves, in a low monotone, whisper of days that are no more, of eyes that see no more, of hearts that beat no more, of hands that bless no more. It is a solitude well adapted to the contemplative life, to minds weary of the nothingness of the world and its aimless aims.

Descending a few steps, one arrives in front of a grated door, on the other side of which opens an awful, precipitate abyss. From this point of vantage one has a marvelous view of the bay spreading out right below the beholder's feet. It is a perfect semi-circle of lightly-rolling water, at the extreme ends of which rise cliffs of imposing height, bold and massive. A little to the right, a granitic rock, pointed and of gigantic proportions, arrests the eye, because at the utmost top of it is planted a huge cross, beneath which a former superior of the monastery sleeps that sleep from which there is no awakening.

That tomb, emerging from the blue waters of the sea, and fronting a marvelously beautiful horizon, is most admirably placed. It conveys a striking impression of the impotence and transitoriness of the life of man, when compared with that of the granitic rocks, which last for ages, defying time and the elements of nature.

But what a sin of pride!

The monk reposing there, beneath the huge marble-cross was, undoubtedly a man of virtue; living in modesty and obscurity. While walking in the shadow of the trees and rocks, far from all the futile noise of the world, and mostly occupied with his meditations and orisons, he must have cherished many a splendid dream, over-leaping oceans and ages; if it had been otherwise, he would not have selected for himself such a magnificent final resting place.

But how proud he must have been, since he did not consider the towering rock, in the center of the sun-kissed bay, too monumental to hold his poor, perishable body!

It is easy to forgive Chateaubriand for having chosen an ocean-encircled cliff for his grave, because his works still delight and instruct the minds of men. But this unknown monk, who asked to be interred on that rock, which instantaneously rivets every traveler's gaze, and which stands like a threatening sentinel placed there by nature, committed the sin of belying all his prayers and professions—that sin of pride which plagues us all as long as the intellect rules our

THE NEXT TABLE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

moral nature. But one is willing to forgive his offense, since the arms of the cross surmounting his solitary grave give no record of his name.

Adapted from the French for the Mirror by Francis A. House.



QUAM MULTA NON DESIDERO

[“Socrates in pompa cum magna vis auri argentine ferretur, ‘quam multa non desidero!’ inquit.”]

WELL said, old sage, all hail to thee.
How pat our sentiments agree!
Yet not so grimly earnest I
When the world's pomp comes sweeping by.
I frown upon the monstrous craze,
But unawares my scornful gaze
Melts to a foolish wistfulness.—
A trifle inconsistent?—Yes.—
Still if the fates had used me well;—
But why discuss the impossible?
Nay; nay; I hate the gaudy show.
Quam multa non desidero!

Old Horace was my boyhood's friend;
Horace shall steer me to the end.
He taught me to despise the great,
Thrice happy in a low estate;
Fleeing the city's dull excess,
To breathe the country's loveliness,
Deep in some woodland nest to lie
Tranced by a stream that floated by,
On simple joys and simple food
To train the soul to hardihood.
Dear Master, all to thee I owe:
Quam multa non desidero!

Sometimes I loiter in the Park,
Free to indulge a cynic bark,
While the bright pageant courts my eye
Of what men call Society.
Gay nods, sly becks, and painted smiles,
Man's nonchalance, and woman's wiles,
The padded beau, and lost in fur
Some lean and lacquered dowager.
Jeames' high nose and powdered locks,
And purple Thomas on the box:
Would I be cursed with wealth? Ah, no.
Quam multa non desidero!

Or is the City my resort
When tired with follies of the Court?
I watch the alert, clean-shaven crew
Who trust their wits to pull them through.
Though now a thick financial fog
May lower above the haunts of Gog:
The “bulls” and “bears,” the man who pulls
Wires at which dangle “bears” and “bulls”;
The jewelled hands and big cigar,
The cocktail at a rakish bar.
I hate it all, don't you? Heigh-ho!
Quam multa non desidero!

A silken voice is in my ear,—
The bland director's oily sneer:
“Fie, fie! man, all you need is pluck;
Never be down upon your luck.
We hardened gamblers stand to gain,
And scorn your pitiful refrain.
Spoils to the bold: who fears to lose
Loses. Take hands then; you refuse?
Faint-hearted moralist, go to school;
I waste my wisdom on a fool.”
He's gone, but left his sting. Heigh-ho!
Quam multa non desidero!

E. D. S., in London Spectator.

SHE wondered why the fact of her declining to marry the man had made him so suddenly obnoxious. Yesterday, no doubt, his figure had been as rotund, his eyes as small and deeply placed, his head as bald, and his jewels as obtrusive as they showed now when the city lights flashed by their hansom.

There was a jewel of his on her own finger. She pressed it rather sharply into her flesh as she listened. It helped her to keep her mind on the subject at hand—a subject which any man might reasonably assume to be of paramount importance to his fiancée. He was speaking of himself in the commending tone with which one patronizes and approves a stranger. She caught, listlessly, at the end of his story.

“And, when I made up my mind to do a thing, I take care not to be disappointed. I spent the last penny I had in the world there, and for a mighty poor dinner, too. You wouldn't think it was a place to be fond of, under the circumstances, eh? Well, I ain't, but that night, when I put my last dime down for the waiter, I said to myself, ‘Roden, you go out of this place broke, but the next time you come, you'll have your pile, and you can buy the whole damned thing, from the bar to the cook, if you feel like it!’ Well, it's a queer thing, perhaps, but I kept the thought in the back of my head, and when the shekels began to roll in, I brought it out again. That's why we're going here to-night. You mustn't kick if it isn't up to Sherry's.”

“But you might have come before,” she said. “Surely, your—your money—isn't a thing of to-day.”

He laughed, unctuously, laying his heavy hand on her own.

“No, but you are. I waited to go the whole figure, and I guess I have. You're the top mark; you represent what the whole thing means—I waited for you.”

“It's rather far down-town,” she said. The remark, she felt, was wholly inappropriate, but it was, at least, speech, and it postponed the caress which she felt was imminent.

“We're here now,” he said. “It's well after eight. We'll have the place to ourselves, I imagine.”

She waited, while he overpaid the cabby ostentatiously, and they went up the long steps.

The restaurant, like many others in the neighborhood, had been made by converting a one-time private house to its needs. There was nothing in the sight of the stout and beaming cashier at the high desk in the narrow hall that struck her as familiar, but at the threshold of the dining-room she stopped with a sudden, choked exclamation.

That wall-paper with its ridiculous frieze of blue, and titanic roses—the stuffed owl on the mantel—the grotesque oil-painting over the very table to which the solitary waiter was leading them! She recognized them with a thoroughness that sent the color from her cheeks.

The man laughed. “Pretty cheap, eh?” he said. “But you can stand it for once. We'll make up for it to-morrow night.”

The waiter pulled the chairs from the table beneath the absurd painting, and smiled at them, benevolently.

The girl's fingers tightened on Roden's arm. “Take the next table,” she insisted.

She seated herself with her back to the one the waiter had designated before she smiled her explanation at Roden.

“That wall-paper would put my eyes out if I stared at it too long. I would rather face the window, if you

don't mind. I don't want to go about with blue roses on my nerves for the rest of my life.”

She kept the smile on her lips as Roden consulted the soiled menu and impressed the waiter with the munificence of his order. Roden answered the smile, approvingly.

“I guess the waiter had the shock of his life just now,” he said. “The last time I was here, I had liver and bacon, and washed it down with water. Well”—he threw a glance about at the empty room—“it is later than I thought. We've got the place to ourselves, at any rate. It's about the first time I've had you alone since—” He nodded significantly at the ring on her finger.

“Yes,” she said, “we have it quite to ourselves.” But, as she spoke, the consciousness of the two people at the table behind her was so real that she almost wondered why Roden, facing them, seemed blind to their existence.

She had seen them the moment she hesitated at the threshold. Had they been always sitting there, she thought, since that May night last year, always looking at each other with the same eyes, with hands that crept always a little nearer to one another across the cloth? She could hear their voices plainly—the man's low voice, with its fascinating Southern drawl; the girl's happy, young laugh, with its wonderful note of tenderness. Had she really laughed like that once? she wondered. It seemed strange now that any woman could.

“No,” the man was saying, “I am quite right about your eyes; and, if I have put them in a story, it is no more than you deserve for daring to have them. Think of all the stories I am going to find there—always!”

The waiter filled the glass at her elbow. She realized that Roden was addressing her. He lifted his glass, the stones on his stout fingers reflected in its contents.

“Here's to luck,” he said; “something we both can appreciate, eh? I should say we were both pretty successful people. It isn't every day that a man can make his pile, or a woman marry it. It isn't every woman I'd want to have spend it for me, either. The Lord knows it wouldn't be hard to find plenty to help me, but I'm a bit particular. I wanted a thorough-bred—one that could act as though she was used to it. Why, the first time I set eyes on you—”

“You'll be the prettiest pauper in the world, and I'll be the happiest,” said the low voice behind her, “and, if you ever get tired of going up four flights of stairs, I'll carry you. Oh, sweetheart, to think it will be our home—ours!—waiting for us at the top of them; and, if I ever have to leave you for an hour—if I have to—think of my coming back to find you there! Just you and me, with the doors closed and the rest of the world shut out.”

“Why, the first time I set eyes on you,” Roden repeated, “I said to myself, ‘There's the one for me—there's the sort of a woman to do a man credit at home, or abroad.’ And, speaking of that, I suppose you'll want to travel—all women do. We'll take a little run across the pond this summer, if you like, after we get our house settled here. I saw Davidson about the plans to-day. I guess he thought the price would stagger me. ‘Hang the expense!’ I said to him. ‘A man isn't married every day, and I want to put my wife in a house that will make people open their eyes.’”

“Yes,” she said, vaguely. She was listening to that other voice, as the girl behind her had listened a year ago.

“And every time a story is sold,” it said, “we'll have a new honeymoon trip—a long, lazy holiday with a lunch in some strange, little corner down-town that we have discovered ourselves, and a browse in queer

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streets and shops afterward; and, if anything is left, which isn't likely, we'll come home in a hansom. There never was such a jolly little comrade as you are; but, when we get home and talk it over, you'll be something even better than that—just the *sweetest* woman, the —"

"What's the matter?" asked the man opposite. "You're not eating anything. Here, try this. You mustn't get thin and go off your looks before the great day. I expect my wife to do me credit."

She shrank a moment from the look in his eyes before she recognized it. She had seen it turned on a great many things before—on his houses, his horses, his jewels, never fully on herself. She felt the humiliation of that glance of possession tingle through her nerves, but she answered lightly.

The voice at the table behind her fell in with her own.

"And to think it will always be like this," it said. "No matter how time goes by, you will always be you. Why, any change the years might give you would be only as though you had put on a new gown to make me love you a little bit better. The real you could never change; not from age, not from grief, not from anything in the world."

Their hands had met across the table now, she knew. Was there ever a hand in the world that had been so strong, so infinitely tender, as the one that touched that other girl's at the table there. She started as Roden's hand fell a trifle heavily on her own.

"I shouldn't call you the best company in the world to-night," he said. "It's a little early in the day for us to bore each other, I should think. I thought that most girls spent their lives trying to be entertaining. I never had any of them dull around me, at any rate." He laughed jocosely, with an attempt to veil his annoyance. "Lord, as far as talk is concerned, I might as well have taken your aunt out. The old lady's a corker—when the conversation gets down to dollars and cents, at any rate. Well, she's a friend of mine, all right. Here's to her!"

He lifted his wine-glass. He had taken too much already, the girl thought. The blur of it was in his voice. There seemed a reckless set to his coarse features. It seemed as though her shame at the situation had gradually revealed the man as he was, primeval,

brutal, an unclean braggart, a thing from which gentlemen would guard one. Her sudden sense of helplessness frightened her.

"And to take care of you always," said the voice behind her, "that is the most exquisite privilege of all—to have strength enough to shelter you from the big things and little things. It maddens me now, some times, to think what you are bearing for me; but, sweetheart, I shall spend my life in making it up to you. Don't let them frighten you; and when they say 'Poverty!' to you, say 'Love!' to yourself. And in a little while——"

"You'll lose that ring if you keep poking it up and down your finger like that," said Roden. "And a stone of that sort"—he pointed to it with the cigar in his thick fingers—"ain't to be picked up every day. I shouldn't be any too well pleased, if you lost it, nor you, either, I guess. Lord, I've known women to give their souls for less than that."

He blew a ring of smoke in the air, and laughed, coarsely.

"After all, you're all alike, you women. Give a woman trinkets enough, and she'll be true to you, I've always said. It's the only kind of a rope you can hold 'em with. About right, too. Why, I remember now——"

"And as for doubting you," the voice behind her said, "it would be as impossible for me to doubt my own existence. No matter what happened, if every proof in the world were brought to me, I should *know* you were true. You *couldn't* be anything else. You might be forced into doing a thing, I might hear that I was never even to look at you again, but I should know it was none of your doing. And whatever happens, dearest, you must remember that I am always thinking that—always."

The man opposite was scowling unpleasantly.

"Be a bit careful of that ring, can't you?" he said. "There, you've got it off altogether, now!"

"If it's ten years or twenty years," said the other voice, "no matter where or how far I might be, a word from you would bring me. I think, if you needed me, I could come back from the dead. Promise me that you will always remember that. But, as if you needed to promise! And, besides, I want you to tell me something else now—that always, and always——"

The girl brought her eyes back to Roden with a start.

"Yes," she said, with the realization that he had spoken, "you were saying——?"

"I was saying that it's about time we got out of this," he repeated. "What's the matter with you, anyway? I'm getting tired of saying a thing three times before you hear it. Here, you," he turned to the waiter, "get my coat. Put on your ring, and come on."

There was the snap of authority in his voice, the curl of it on his thick lips. The girl hesitated a moment. The stone of the ring she held in her open palm stared at her like a red, unwinking eye—hard, cold, bloodless—and precious. She looked at it, lingeringly. There was a strange fascination in its depths.

"Well, come on," Roden snarled.

"Sweetheart!" said the low voice behind her; "sweetheart!"

The girl lifted her face, a face illumined, one that the man at her side had never before seen. She wore the look of one who, after helpless grasping in the dark, had come suddenly into the light, and knew the open path before her.

He resented, without comprehending, the expression with which she regarded him, the look which swept him from head to foot, and judged and condemned and derided.

"You had better take this," she said, slowly.

She handed the ring to Roden. The look of amazed consternation on his face, as he mechanically closed his fingers about the bauble, deepened at her smile.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Eh!"

"I will tell you as we go up-town," she said.

The untidy waiter held the portières at the narrow door obsequiously aside. He wondered why the pretty young woman, who had apparently angered her stout escort to the verge of apoplexy, should stop at the threshold to look back at an empty table. He could not know, being mere man and unimaginative, the wonderful promise of her eyes; still less that the tawdry room she left was a holy spot, wherein Love had called from his high places, and heard the answer of his faithful.

From the August Smart Set.

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THE SPINNERS OF LIFE

BY A. LENALIE.

When we read this title of Vance Thompson's latest work of fiction, we reflect that Hauptmann's "Weavers" may have suggested it; more especially do we entertain a suspicion of imitation, unconscious or otherwise, in his case, since Mr. Thompson is known as that one of all writers in his class who vamps most cleverly. In the old days of his connection with the *Musical Courier*, *Criterion* and *Mlle. New York* (the absinthe-tinged young woman whom he launched against American prejudices, "in the altogether"), much of what passed for glittering composition was but an ingenious accompaniment to some French theme. In his "French Portraits" we find him still skillfully vamping, but it is most admirably concealed.

Rousseau furnishes him a theme for the "Spinners of Life." "If, in order that you might inherit a good fortune from a Mandarin, living in some far-away China, whom you had never seen, nor heard of, it were necessary for you merely to touch a spot on your wall—would you touch it and kill the Mandarin?" This, Mr. Thompson elaborates along psychological lines, and generously sprinkles the pages throughout with epigrams so dazzling that the attention of the reader is nearly distracted from the fact that the book is in many points thoroughly inconsistent. It consists of fat pulp and sharp rind of "words, words, words," but there is no core of true life-principle in it. After reading it (every word, s'elp us!) we decide it is clever, so clever that it reads like a bound volume of the *Smart Set*, but leaves no more trace on the reader's mind than does the strand of froth and spume left by a retreating wave of a sun-kissed shore.

The esoteric development of the story hovers around that red spot on the wall which, if touched, would "kill the Mandarin." In a period of diseased cerebration caused by over-strained nerves, Jack Gaffney, "a good fellow and a good bit of a gentleman," as he is called by his associates, visually transfers the last red ember in the grate, at which he has been gazing fixedly for a long time in the dark, to the wall by which he passes in seeking his bed-chamber, and recklessly touches it, saying: "I'll kill that Mandarin anyway; I will kill that one for good luck!" Simultaneously, on a steamer bound from Havre to America, an old gentleman dies in his steamer chair, and a strange red blotch appears on the forehead of the dead man, who is Gaffney's father, and who proves to have been the unknown murderer of Mary's father, the woman Jack loves. Later we learn that the father's crime, for which "the yellow dog" suffers, was not only unintentional, but that the shot was fired in self-defence, and in anger, against a man far less worthy than himself, though one who, as a popular political leader, carried the sympathies of the masses with him. Still Mary jilts him, and when he passively accepts the situation, instead of committing suicide,

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618 LOCUST STREET.

as by all sentimental ethics he should have done, his club associates make fine distinctions against the hero of this story who, having just "grewed" in mystery as to his antecedents, philosophically avails himself of the tainted millions that fall to him through his father's death; another proof of the "mongrel" blood of the "yellow dog!"

There is a doctor, too, a wonderful specialist, who plays the role of "The mutual friend;" and, when not engaged in the absorbing study of alienism, he devotes himself to the interests of the hero and heroine, with the result that he discovers he has always been in love with the girl, and she with him; but this is *not* inconsistent,—on the part of

the mutual friend, who usually conducts himself after this fashion.

After we have rushed headlong through the book, fascinated by its pyrotechnic display, we find, when the vision has become normal again, that the serpents, red lights and sizzly things have become mere black lines on the retina, that resolves themselves into dark interrogation points, and we query why so much pathos should be demanded for *Mary* and the dead district boss (done in crayon, life size), while none is expended on *Jack*. The story is uncanny, very mysterious, and very occult; and as such, and as a psychological study, is very fascinating, or, as Vance Thompson himself would express it, "always this is very fascinating."

But, with a pretty trained nurse, two men in love with the same woman, a dominant dead political boss, a prominent Howe and Hummell lawyer, a dignified guardian of the old régime, also several shadowy supernumeraries, a mysterious red spot, and an occult crime—New York City and the Union Club furnishing the background—there is no reason why this plot should not be evolved dramatically, with skillful manipulation.

Toujours Vance Thompson is dramatic, but, as a moralist, he rings sideways,—and, perhaps, no one knows it better than he.



LEHR IN HIS LAIR

The present summer at Newport has brought no diminution in the social conspicuousness of Harry Lehr, despite the prophesy that he would disappear from sight after his marriage. He is as much on view as ever, and his remarks are just as much quoted.

All Newport has heard, for instance, of the dinner party last week at which he distinguished himself with a joke in the most characteristic Lehr vein. Mr. Lehr's humor is not for all markets. Many persons would not laugh so heartily at it, but his audiences are faithful. They still call him the "Lamb," and they roar over his sallies.

On this occasion Mr. Lehr was a guest at a dinner of about ten persons. The guest of honor was a woman conspicuous in the hunting set and famous as a cross-country rider. She had mounted her hobby that night, and horse had been the subject of conversation from the time the meal began. Every attempt to settle on another topic was adroitly frustrated by the lady, who got back to her favorite subject by hook or crook.

During all this discussion Mr. Lehr had not said a word, once he realized that the lady was going to keep the center of the stage. He had a habit of doing that sort of thing himself, and he was possibly a little piqued. At all events, he seized a minute of silence in the conversation to assert himself.

"A horse," he said solemnly, and in a tone that could be heard by all at the table, "a horse is an oblong animal with four legs, one at each corner."

Then he was silent again. In the laughter that followed the lady joined,

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EARL LAYMAN,
Secretary.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON,
President.

(Cut this out.)

and she did not return to her topic that evening.

There is always an element of audacity in the "Lamb's" jokes that makes them especially piquant to his admirers. Another instance came out in his description of an incident which attracted the interest of Newport a few weeks ago. It was whispered mysteriously, with many admonitions not to "mention it to anybody," that a young girl in Newport society had eloped with a boy of her own age. The rumor turned out to be untrue, but it excited Newport until the air cleared and it was shown that this particular young woman was absent from the Casino and her other haunts for twenty-four hours merely because she was sick at home with a very commonplace malady which kept her in the house. The boy's known devotion to her was the only other ground for the rumor.

It was being talked about at the Casino the morning the rumor was heard, and the place buzzed with the delightful piece of gossip. In one group stood the "Lamb." A woman who had heard nothing but the name of the heroine rushed up to him.

"What in the world is all this about Mrs. X's daughter?" she asked.

"She's eloped," answered Mr. Lehr in the high-pitched, peevish voice that can be heard by all near him. "She's eloped with nothing but a Princeton freshman and a pink chiffon hat."

His audience appreciated this joke so much that by dinner time the reported escapade of the young girl had been altogether lost sight of except as the inspiration for the Lehr joke.

He is quite willing at times to make himself the butt of what passes among his friends for wit. His candor in this particular was the first thing that recommended him to the women who took him up and sanctioned his place in society.

One day a party was bathing at Bailey's beach. The other men rushed down to the water and jumped in, but the "Lamb" hung back. The women who were not yet in the water began to laugh at him. He cautiously put one toe in, but drew it out immediately.

"No, the water isn't cold," he said in response to their question. Then he added with a smile, "But it's so salty. And I'm so fresh."

Many persons would fail to see the humor in these jokes. It is their appropriateness and familiarity that amuses Mr. Lehr's particularly appreciative hearers. They are idle, not naturally witty themselves, and not resourceful in devising ways of enjoying themselves. So they are grateful to anybody who amuses them. It will be seen from the quality of Mr. Lehr's humor that amusing them is not so difficult as it might seem.

He came into his present prominence by his willingness to act in this capacity. He continued to appeal to the sense of humor of a very wealthy and sincerely important dowager, and the sight of the two in the lady's box at the opera was an interesting feature of several seasons. The "Lamb," as he was already called then, used to have

so many amusing things to say about the people in the boxes and about the proceedings on the stage that the lady was always laughing, whatever the subject of the opera might be.

The "Lamb" has got heavy during the last year, and is quite a contrast in appearance to the pink-faced blonde young man who came north from Baltimore about ten years ago determined to climb to the heights of New York social life. The Lehr jokes came much more amusingly from him at that time than they do to-day. Now he takes up so much of the seat in a victoria that the other person looks crowded, and this increase in size will do more than anything else to injure his prospects.

Persons who observe such important matters have discovered that a new arrival on the social scene has made Mr. Lehr's retirement as the favorite of the smart set likely to be sooner than might otherwise be expected. This young man, who arrived at Newport on Saturday, is Mr. Lehr's most intimate friend, and since his arrival here the two have been together as constantly as they were in New York last winter. So if Mr. Lehr fears his rival, he is generous enough not to allow it to interfere with his friendship.

The newcomer, who is an artist, has for the last two or three years enjoyed in a high degree the favor of society. He has some small means, comes of a family that had never been known in society, and is just now more in demand than any other man in New York. It is he who has been pointed out as the certain successor to the "Lamb."

His skill in entertaining has made him seem fitted to enjoy these social honors. He gave several entertainments last winter in New York, and will probably entertain here just as he did last year. The "Lamb" never has a chance to show what he could do as an entertainer on his own account before marriage, because he could not afford to. He arranged other people's parties, however, and his successor has done the same. One of the smartest entertainments given last winter in New York was devised entirely by this young man, and the hostess had only to pay her bills and give him a list of guests.

His own parties were of an original character. One was Japanese, and the guests, who were dressed in the costumes of Japan, sat on the floor and ate Japanese delicacies out of Japanese dishes. The dinner was served by Japanese, and the whole affair was intended as an exact reproduction of an aristocratic Japanese entertainment.

A dinner given early this spring to twenty guests was held in an uptown restaurant overlooking the river. The part of the balcony set off for the young man's guests was inclosed in branches of cherry trees laden with blossoms, and the table was under a canopy made of the same leaves and flowers. Birds hung in tiny glass cages in the foliage.—*New York Sun.*

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SOCIETY

The second of the summer's fashion-
able engagements announced is that of
pretty Miss Alice Orthwein, daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Orthwein,
of Portland place, to Mr. Edward R.
Heissler, of Chicago. The happy news
comes from Green Lake, Wis., where
the Orthweins are summering, and
where Mr. Heissler paid his fiancée a
visit recently. The wedding date will
be named after the family returns to
this city.

An engagement soon to be an-
nounced is that of Miss Anna Force,
daughter of Houston T. Force, to Mr.
Jack Hodges, of Chicago. The wedding
which is to occur this winter, will be
one of the fashionable society events.
It is to precede that of Mr. Force to
Miss Tichenor, whose engagement has
already been made known. Miss Force
is one of the most popular girls in so-
ciety circles, and there is but one re-
gret—that her marriage with Mr.
Hodges takes her to Chicago to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Granger Hatch,
who were married last week at Racine,
Wis., are at the Atlantic Coast resort,
having their honeymoon. In a week
they will return to Chicago, where
they will reside. Mr. Hatch is Gen-
eral Passenger Agent of the Illinois
Central Railroad, and a brother of Mr.
Charles V. Hatch of St. Louis, who
served as best man at the pretty mar-
riage.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Huttig have
planned a unique outing for them-
selves. They left last Saturday for
Salt Lake City, and from there will go
into Idaho and occupy the hunting
lodge of Mr. Reid Northrop, located
within 25 miles of Yellowstone Park,
and only eight miles from the lodge of
Mr. George Myers, of St. Louis. Mrs.
Huttig will accompany her husband on
all his fishing expeditions. From the
Northrop Lodge they will go to the
Yellowstone, and return home in
three weeks. The Huttigs have just
moved into their new home, 37 Wash-
ington Terrace, one of the handsomest
residences in that fashionable thor-
oughfare.

Mr. Joseph P. Whyte has returned
from Canada, where Mrs. Whyte and
the family are summering. He will
go back in September to bring them
home.

Mrs. Frank Wright is back from
Notchcliff, the summer home of Mrs.
Lucy V. Semple Ames, whose guest she
was for a fortnight. Mrs. Wright will
remove to New York in the fall, and
remain there during the school term
of her daughters, who are attending
a fashionable college in Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. S. Crawford, of New York, is
in the city visiting her parents, Mr.
and Mrs. George S. Beers.

Mr. Jack Le Gare left for his home
in Washington, D. C., last Saturday,
and sailed for Europe yesterday, to

join his mother and sister in their Lon-
don home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ames are among
the fashionable folks of the Hot
Springs of Virginia. Mrs. Lucy V. S.
Ames will join their party the middle
of August.

Miss Mary Dunn will join a coterie
of friends who are summering at a
quiet retreat in Douglas, Mich. She
leaves next Sunday for Chicago.

Misses Clara Bain and Mimi Ber-
thold are at Douglas, the guest of Mrs.
John O'Fallon Delaney, who has one
of the most beautiful cottages there.

Miss Grace Massey is traveling in
Europe with the party of her uncle,
Mr. Gordon McNeal.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Forrester have
gone to Northport, Mich., for the sum-
mer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. S. Barrett, who
went to New York last week, are now
at Magnolia Beach, Mass., and later
will go to Narragansett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Highleyman
are at Narragansett, guests of the
Mathewsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Simmons
have gone to Oconomowoc, where they
are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. C.
Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Koehler, their
daughters, Miss Anna Koehler, and
Mrs. O. Krausnick, Mr. Harry B. Hawes
and Mr. Festus J. Wade were a party
of St. Louisans, who met in Berlin re-
cently, and toasted the World's Fair
City at a family banquet.

Dodge: "Jones has married and gone
to live with his wife's parents."

Lodge: "Ah, I see! By securing a
better half, he has made sure of better
quarters. Jones, unquestionably, did
very well. But he made a mistake if
he did not first buy a pair of Swope
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reading of meters and inspecting of
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are attired in very natty uniforms of
blue, and on the cap the name, "The
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been provided with a numbered metal
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business may be shown.

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dently does not wish to be charged
with the sins of others committed in its
name. Consumers can now unmis-
takeably identify employees of the Company,
and if parties not furnished with a reg-
ulation uniform or badge request ad-
mission to any residence or business
block, ostensibly in the interest of the
Gas Company, such admission may
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of the uniforms and badges will serve
as a protection to the consumers of the
Gas Company, and is another evidence
of the thoughtfulness of the new man-
ager towards the patrons of the Com-
pany.

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A Highland waiter once refused to
serve the late Max O'Reil at dinner,
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ceeveelity. Didn't he say we took
to the kilt because our feet were too
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A CHANCE BETRAYAL

Sir Edward Malet tells a remarkable
story of a certain cardinal, who, when
pressed by an admiring circle of ladies
at an evening party to say whether he
had ever received any startling confes-
sions, replied that the first person who
had come to him after he had taken or-
ders, desired absolution for a murder
which he confessed he had committed. A
gentle shudder ran through the frames
of the audience. This was turned to
consternation, when, ten minutes later,
an elderly marquess entered the apart-
ment, and eagerly claimed acquaintance
with the cardinal. "But I see Your Em-
inence does not remember me," he said:
"you will do so when I remind you that
I was the first person who confessed to
you after you entered the service of the
church!"

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operations are necessary he is to have
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vide his daughter with wearing ap-
parel for two years, and fix her up in
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\$1.20; His American Birthright, Beau-
cliff, \$1.20; The Dowager Countess and
the American Girl, Bell, \$1. We have
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SUMMER SHOWS

"Heart of the Ozarks," a delightful pastoral, in which every Missourian takes an interest, is the play to be presented at the opening of the Imperial Theater, Sunday, August 9th. Manager Russell has put his playhouse, at the corner of Tenth and Pine, in splendid condition. The house is now one of the prettiest of the popular price houses in the city, and the polite and cheerful policy which has always prevailed under Mr. Russell, will be even emphasized during the present season. The initial play is well chosen, as it brings the St. Louis theater-goer within a home atmosphere, and before his eyes the rugged scenery of the most picturesque portion of his native State.

George Primrose, that prince of entertainers, is the principal figure at the Highlands this week. He is accompanied by the Foley Twins, whom he has initiated into the Primrose art of clever, imitable dancing. The Foley Twins are now the champion double clog dancers of America. Papinta is still on the programme, and delighting large audiences with her exquisite mirror dances. And then there is Press Eldridge, the marvelous single talker, and the sensational bicycle riding of the three Merrills. Among the other notable performers are Eva Mudge and the Lefebvre Saxophone quartette. Col. Hopkins announces that there will be a fine new array of talent next week, with George Primrose and Papinta heading the programme for the last time.

The Delmar's attraction this week is "The Geezer," a Chinese travesty, abounding in comical situations and paradoxes, catchy songs and excellent mimicry. Miss Josephine Newman easily carries off first honors with her finished artistry of acting and delightful humor. "The Geezer" furnishes first-class entertainment. It is just the thing to make audiences go home content with themselves and others, and determined to "call again" at the first opportunity.

Vaudeville of a high class is very much in evidence at the Suburban this week. There are Heeley and Mealey, a team from far-off Australia, who dole out witticism of the kind that furnishes no end of amusement. Alfred Holt succeeds in whistling himself into favor with the public, and Ryder's monkeys do all that can reasonably be expected of them, and something besides. The unique Innes Band is still executing splendid programmes. It alone should suffice to pack this popular garden every night.

Director Innes will produce his monster spectacular "War and Peace" next week, beginning with the matinee Sunday. Great anticipations are attached to it. The production will require an augmented band of sixty pieces, a singing chorus of two hundred, four famous foreign soloists and one hundred First Regiment soldiers. The scenic display will be magnificent.

"The Three Guardsmen" are holding forth at Koerner's this week. It is a play that never fails to fascinate the average theater-goer. It is full of romance and adventure, of love and intrigue, of bravery and the flash of swords. The role of the immortal d'Artagnan suits Mr. Hanley to perfection. He impersonates the gallant musketeer with all the vim and enthusiasm that characterize this talented actor.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewellery Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

NEW BOOKS

A novel of considerable melodramatic interest is "A Victim of Conscience," by Milton Goldsmith. It has a plot that is laid along ambitious lines, and that leads to some highly sensational climaxes. The author endeavors to portray the character and ideals, of humble, Jewish folk, and to bring some harmony into conflicting religious beliefs and prejudices. The leading figure in the story has committed a base crime, and this gives the author an opportunity to indulge in a psychological dissection of criminality. While the pall of improbability hangs over every chapter of the story, the author contrives to keep readers of indifferent literary taste interested from start to finish. Occasionally, he takes occasion to throw some startling side-lights upon modern economic and social problems. It would seem that he would have done better by writing less with a purpose and by restricting didacticism to more conventional limits. The volume is well bound and realistically illustrated. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

A dramatic poem, of unquestionable merit and sincerity of thought and feeling, is "The Mothers," by Edward F. Hayward. It is written in laudation and honor of motherhood. The author expresses himself in simple, terse language. Some of his lines are surcharged with a too lofty sort of idealism, yet the poem, as a whole, well deserves careful reading. Published by Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston.

Mrs. Fred Reynolds' lately published story, "The Man with the Wooden Face," is good, light summer fiction. For hammock purposes, it is just the ideal thing in literature. It reads well and ends well. It has an interesting (not a sensational) plot; the heroine, the Little Teacher, is a most fascinating bit of a wholesome-hearted girl, and the Man with the Wooden Face is anything but wooden. He is a good, manly sort of a chap, who knows how to bear himself well, amid trials, and to win and retain the affections of his dulcinea. The scenes of the story are laid among the Welsh Hills, where the dramatis personae spend the beautiful days of an eventful summer. Everything is told in simple, unaffected style, the authoress not making any banal efforts to revel in bizzarerie and preciosity of phrase. The book is published by that enterprising new house, Fox, Duffield & Co., 36 East 21st St., New York.

In a report to the Board of Directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, President David Rowland Francis, of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, gives a detailed and graphic account of his record-breaking tour of Europe in nineteen days. The visits to the courts of England, Germany and Spain and the President of the French Republic are succinctly and entertainingly described. Full account is given also of the various receptions and banquets tendered the kinetic President of the Fair in New York and St. Louis. Various excellent illustrations add to the interesting character of the little, compactly bound volume.

USELESS WARNING

"Sir," utters the haughty maiden when the impulsive youth slips his arm about her taper waist; "sir! what is the meaning of this? Have a care, sir! Do not go too far."

"Too far?" he whispers, contracting his biceps muscle; "too far? How long an arm do you think I have? It won't go any farther?"

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RACING RESUME

Miss Golightly's presence in the stake at Delmar last Saturday was responsible for Jordan getting first money in the event. Had not the former Fizer mare been in to race Miss Mae Day off her feet, it is extremely likely that the latter would have won.

The distance was thought to be too far for Golightly, and she was the extreme outsider in the betting. Speculators failed to notice that the backstretch was distinctly cuppy after the rain of the morning, and made Miss Mae Day a hot favorite. Through this same neglect, they failed to back Miss Golightly, though her fondness for such a track is well known.

Golightly took Mae Day off in front to such a hot pace that there was nothing left in the favorite when the stretch was reached. Though an apparent winner a furlong from home, she collapsed completely in the closing strides, and was lucky to be third. Jordan, who had fallen so far behind in the early stages that he seemed hopelessly out of the race, came with a rush at the end, and won from the two tired pace-makers. Miss Golightly was second.

Forehand won another race in handy fashion last week, defeating Rainland and a fair class field. He ran the six furlongs in faster time than any two-year-old has yet covered the distance at the track. The race clinched his position as one of the best youngsters at the course—Clifton Forge being the other.

Saturday's racing was somewhat marred by the clearly bad rides on both Check Morgan and Lasso. Speculators on these horses had not fitting efforts for their money. Check Morgan was given the worst looking ride seen at the track this year.

Attendance at the course is remarkable for this season of the year. The pleasant weather of the week was responsible for a large outpouring of spectators almost every day.

NO LONGER BOTHERED

"I thought I'd drop in and tell you what your hair-restorer did for a friend of mine," said the visitor. "When he started using your elixir, there

were only a few hairs on his head, but now its completely covered."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the patent medicine man.

"Yes, by six feet of earth."

ALL THE SAME TO HIM

"Are you troubled with cockroaches or other insects about your premises, ma'am?" inquired the man with the pack, who had succeeded in gaining an audience with the mistress of the mansion.

"No, sir!" she said glaring at him. "We are not troubled by cockroaches or other insects!"

"Don't mind 'em, hey?" he rejoined, cheerfully shouldering his pack again. "Well, there's nothing like getting used to one's afflictions. Good day, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.



Back from your vacation, eh? And glad to be back in dear old St. Louis? And with your wardrobe having got the worst of hard vacation wear?

How handy this Fifth Anniversary Sale is for you! Cuts prices on extra trousers and an extra suit or two, just when you need 'em.

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FOOLISH HABITS

Mrs. Burton Harrison is out with an arraignment of Americans for their summer habits. She thinks custom has made us blind to one glaring defect in our social life. "I allude," she says, "to the utterly irrational way of carrying our winter pleasures, the entertainments that belong by right to our season of urban gayety, into the long hot months when nature and the unfettered heart of mankind cry aloud for simpler joys. All other nations have a time when the leaders and participants in social diversion withdraw from the theater of their conspicuous performances before the world, and enshrine themselves in the seclusion of country homes, where nothing happily occurs that is worthy of chronicle in print. The great lady of the British aristocracy seeks her northern moor or castle, where, clad in serge, with a sailor hat, she is abroad all day in the heather, or on the water, not to be distinguished in action or attire from the school-girl off for her holiday. So also the Paris *belle marquise*. During these months of inaction in the service of the gay world, she is at least storing up fresh powers of enjoyment against the time when duty calls her to take her place again as a purveyor in fashion's mart. And she has tact enough to see that people are more glad to welcome back a favorite than to applaud her every day. But we Americans," continues Mrs. Harrison, "give no one a chance to welcome us back. We are always before the curtain, in the full blaze of limelight, maneuvering to the music of an unflagging orchestra. Who is thereamongst the readers of daily newspapers who cannot tell one the whereabouts and proceedings of Mrs. This or That, during every month of her busy year spent in chasing pleasure at home or abroad? There is no season when the dear creature is cruel enough to hide herself from our gaze. Her summers are like her autumns, winters, springs. She dances, dresses, yachts, gives house-parties, travels, jaunts, invents novelties in entertaining, with almost delirious rapidity. If she is fortunate enough to possess a country home fitted and equipped with the manifold luxuries of modern life, or a great estate, or even a fancy farm, nothing concerning it or her relations to it is ever withheld from the public. The camera, penetrating everywhere, reveals her in her stable yard, on her golf links, among her dogs, or cows, or fowls; in the act of gardening, riding, driving four-in-hand, automobiling, canoing, sailing her boat, or jumping her hunter over a pair of bars. Whenever she elects to go, when tired of what town life has been able to supply to her insatiate appetite for amusement, we may be sure it will not be long before we hear a full account of it.



HAD ANANIAS BEATEN

There is a good story being told at present about a Berks County pastor who recently made a trip to this city, and who included the Philadelphia hospital in the list of interesting places visited while here. When he reached the insane department of the institute he

began a conversation with one of the patients, a rather gentlemanly appearing man of middle age, and, as it is the custom to coincide with whatever assertions unfortunates of this class may make, the good clergyman, of course, did not ruffle him in any particular during the interval their talk lasted.

"Don't you think it dreadful," said the patient, "that Senator Quay should have been so murderously sand-bagged by that insane division worker, just as he was about to vote on election day?"

"Yes," replied the clergyman, "it was indeed regrettable."

"And ex-President Cleveland, have they found the crazy anarchist who stabbed him at the Chamber of Commerce banquet the other night?"

"I believe they have," responded the now somewhat startled minister.

"And Steel King Schwab, has he recovered from the injuries he sustained by being thrown from the top of Mt. Blanc by that demented guide?"

"At last accounts I believe he was progressing favorably toward recovery," answered the divine meekly.

The lunatic stopped at this point and, looking the molder of religious belief squarely in the eye, asked: "You're a minister, aren't you, and know the Bible through and through?"

"Yes," answered the visitor.

"Well," said the "detained" one, grinning sardonically as he threw over his head the fragments of a newspaper he had been engaged in tearing, "all I've got to say is that you've got Ananias beaten a hundred miles. You're about the — liar in this country."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.



A VACATION SERMONETTE

Behold now the summer man who hath departed on his vacation. He seeketh long and earnestly that he may find a resort with all the comforts of home, and chooseth one that costeth \$8 a week for board and lodging and ten cents edge and twenty-five cent limit otherwise.

And he goeth forth merrily, even as an engaged maiden with her consort on an all-day excursion, and hieth him to the desk, and the porter taketh his luggage and a tip and grineth exceedingly. Yea, verily.

And he descendeth after that he hath arranged his toilet, and proceedeth with a glad grin unto the hotel parlor; but he freezeth exceedingly, inasmuch as the occupants of the parlor are two old maids, a bald-headed man and twenty children.

So he wandereth forth unto the bathing house, and getteth himself into a too small bathing suit, the same which hath seen better days, and he plungeth into the surf and getteth a large wet wave in the neck, and choketh mightily.

And the waves beat upon him and the cold winds cut into his skin like a bunch of hard tack, and he draggeth himself out. And behold, he maketh acquaintance with a Brigham Young band of mosquitoes, and they enjoy themselves. And he sweareth in a loud voice.

And the dinner bell ringeth, and he goeth into the dining room. And he leaveth the dining room and cheweth a



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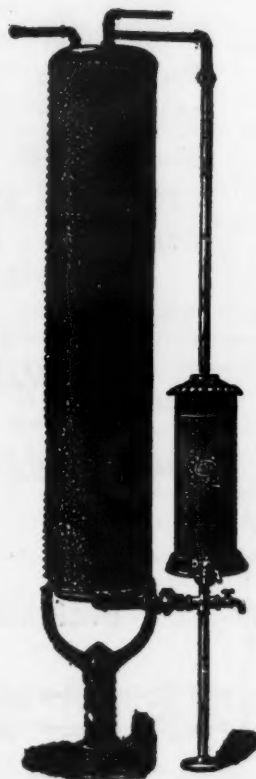
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nail, for that he hath an hunger upon him.

And he returneth unto the city after ten days, and resumeth hard labor, saying:

"He that slappeth me on my sun-burned arm will I swat with a great swat. Selah!"—*Baltimore News*.



MY LADY'S STOCKINGS

It is written that dame and damsel revel these torrid days in the comfort of half-hose, which are, presumably, stockings of half the former or usual length. But as the normal standard of longitude of these garments is unknown among the sons of men, the length of half-hose must still be a mystery. For, manifestly, if of old hose came as near as possible to buttoning around the neck, they would still be quite long when cut down one-half. But why speculate on the unknowable? Let us assume that they have come to be socks, just socks, and we have a definite determinate basis of speculation. We know socks.

Why the new fashion? Shallow men will snicker and sneer and compare feminine tastes to the weathercock. It would never occur to such persons to consider that our girls have been athletic for a long while now, and that the superficial area of hose must have vastly increased as one result. Economy is as womanly a virtue as prettiness, and why

"Free from the care which wearies and annoys,
Where every hour brings its several joys"

"AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS"

This is one of the most complete publications of its kind, and will assist those who are wondering where they will go to spend their vacation this summer.

It contains a valuable map, in addition to much interesting information regarding resorts on or reached by the

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should not my lady get along with half the quantity of sock cloth? The matter is her own secret, and garters—we believe that's the name—will make socks know their place and keep it, as they did with the more aspiring garments now said to be discarded. Shall these be exiled forever, or shall they return after many years like the prodigal, but without his fortune of a veal surfeit, when madam becomes like the lean and slippered pantaloons of Shakespeare?

Time will tell, and, by the way, they tell us there are clocks on all those new socks.

The Valley Magazine

For August

Will Be on Sale This Week. Among Its Many Contributions are: "JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK: The Man and His Methods; With the Incidental Story of Boodle," by Claude H. Wetmore; with an elegant photogravure portrait of Mr. Folk. "THE IDEAL IN PUBLIC LIFE," by James L. Blair. "JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER," by Charles M. Kurtz. "THE LITERARY LEVEL," by Vance Thompson. "THE LADY OR THE TIGRESS," by Paul DeWett. STORIES by Winifred L. Mallon, Frank H. Sweet, Myrtle Mary McEncroe, Una Hudson. A LITERARY SATIRE by Ollie J. White, and POEMS by Louise A. McGaffey, Clinton Scollard, J. A. Edgerton and Wilbur Underwood.



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BABY INCUBATORS

Babies in incubators are one of the latest exhibits at Coney Island. They have made a big hit with the women. As a result, the trained animals, occupying quarters not far off, are getting jealous, and the wonderfully garbed Orientals, accustomed to a leading place among the human exhibits, look sulky.

To the great majority of people, incubator babies are a decided novelty. Every now and then one has been a star boarder at a New York hospital, but few, save the medical staff, knew anything about it. The babies live in strict seclusion.

At Coney Island it is quite different. Incubator babies at that resort may be gazed at by the public from morning till night for a consideration. Their visiting list is not restricted, letters of introduction are a needless formality, the way to their habitation is not hard to find.

In fact, it would be almost impossible for any but the blind to mistake the babies' quarters. Letters a foot long posted on the side of the building and over the front door leave no doubt as to its occupants, even though they do fail to furnish the information that the price of admission is a quarter—a high charge as sideshow prices go at Coney Island. But then babies always do come high.

As a consequence, in many cases, men, boys and girls who approach, dime in hand, turn in a hurry, pocket their money and stroll on to the fortune telling booth next door. With women, though,

it is different. Almost without exception, they dive unflinchingly into wrist bags and fish out the excess sum—even though with doubts.

"Are they really live babies?" suspiciously asked a woman the other day, evidently scenting a joke of some sort.

"Certainly, ma'am," responded the ticket seller, "or your money back."

Somewhat reassured, the woman and a companion passed through the wicket and on into a cheerful room lined on three sides with glass incubators about two and one-half feet square, raised upon supports to rather more than the height of an ordinary bed.

There were about a dozen incubators in all, each fitted with what looked like a doll's bed. A somewhat narrow promenade in front of the incubators was marked off with a stout brass railing, which began at the entrance door and ended at a door opposite, through which visitors passed into another passage and thence into the street.

The first two incubators only were empty. In every one of the others was a tiny white bundle tied around the middle with a blue or pink ribbon, to indicate respectively a boy or a girl.

At the first little waxen-looking image the women stopped and stared critically without paying the least attention to a man who was personally conducting a party of visitors around the room explaining as he went, after the manner of a tourists' guide.

"Do you believe," said one woman to

the other, after a moment's steady survey, "that that is a real baby."

"I do not," was the calm reply, "Whoever saw a baby that color? If it is a real baby, it certainly is not alive."

Just then, something after the manner of the owl in the barber shop, the baby quivered one eyelid, as if trying to wink, yawned portentously and, as if deploring the lack of knowledge of some women, threw up two hands, each about the size of a nickel, toward his head.

The women gasped and fell backward against the brass railing. Then, without a word, they hurried along to hear what the guide was saying, which turned out to be an explanation of the various pipes and tubes that connected the incubators with the outside world.

"You see," he said, tapping one as he spoke, "this pipe supplies fresh air, which, before it reaches the baby, has been heated to the right temperature and purified—disinfected, as it were. That pipe—" and then followed a lot more of dry details to which the company of women pretended to listen.

It was easy enough to see that they didn't care a rap about the pipes. What they wanted to hear about was the baby before them just then—a pinker specimen than the first, and tied with a pink ribbon.

At last the guide was switched off from plumbing to infantile personalities.

"When that baby came to us, two weeks ago," he said, "she weighed a trifle more than two pounds. Since then she has gained seven pounds.

"Her father is a traveling salesman and since the day he brought her here until yesterday he had not seen her. He came in with some other visitors yesterday morning and after making the rounds whispered to me, 'Where is my baby?' He didn't know her, she had changed so, but he said he would take my word for it."

"Do you suppose these small mites would make any objection to being on exhibition if they could speak?" asked a blue-eyed woman with a regretful note in her tone.

"The babies are not on exhibition," the guide answered with some asperity.

"Not on exhibition," echoed the woman in astonishment. "Why, the placards outside advertise incubator babies, and I just now paid twenty-five cents to get a look at them. I have always considered that when I pay money to see any particular thing or person, that thing or person is an exhibit."

"Oh, well, if you like to put it in that way," coldly answered the man. And he continued with a lofty air: "What we are really doing here is to demonstrate how skillfully and easily by the use of an incubator a baby who arrives in this world before it is due can be developed into a strong, healthy boy or girl."

For a moment the women seemed to grope helplessly with the problem why the babies were the specialty mentioned on the placards outside and how the incubators could be an exhibit and yet the babies not be on exhibition at all, and then she gave it up. She smiled amiably and tried to look convinced.

"Not long ago," the guide went on, "we had twin babies in one of the incubators. Their mother was a very fine woman, indeed"—this with a defiant look toward the woman who had dared to call the babies an exhibit—"and so delighted was she with their appearance that, before taking them home, she stopped outside and had their pictures taken to give to me. No, I wouldn't show it without permission."

This announcement seemed to be something of a puzzler. If the babies, why not their picture? more than one woman thought, which only goes to prove that incubator etiquette is not understood by any but the initiated.

To some visitors the small room with a glass partition fronting on the thoroughfare along which visitors file, which connects the incubator room with the nursery proper, where visitors are not admitted, is even more interesting than the incubators, for here it is that the youngsters are weighed and where they complete their probationary course before being transplanted to a more humdrum environment.

This room, and also the nursery, is kept at the same temperature as the incubator. Every two hours or so the babies are taken from the incubators, covered with a towel and carried to the nursery. On the way either there or back, they stop in the middle room to be weighed in a scale placed close to the glass partition, after which the nurse carefully writes down any loss or gain since the last weighing.

A graduate from the incubator, who is to spend two weeks more in the intermediate room, is stowed away, after being weighed, in a curtained bassinette about the size of a work basket standing on a table close to the glass partition, and sight-seers lucky enough to come along at the right moment get a good look at the small bundle still done up about the feet and legs like a paper parcel, with a silken string. Not until a day or two before the baby leaves to go to its parents or to an institution is it put into garments that will give it room to kick.

One thing is certain: Whatever cause of complaint the incubator babies may have to make against the board and lodging they get at Coney Island, none can reasonably complain of being overcharged. The fact is, every one of them gets his or her board for nothing.

"Well, I should hope so," remarked with unction a woman who learned this fact as she was making her way out. Then, as soon as she was safely out of sight of the guide's black eyes, she continued: "If I had a baby there I should expect to get some of the gate money."

"Perhaps some of the babies do," chimed in another.

"You forget," quietly reminded the woman who had first asked a question "that the guide says the babies are not on exhibition."



AN UNUSUAL MARRIAGE

"Did Lord Notasent marry well, Tom?"

"Gad, no! Why his creditors only got ten cents on a dollar."

THE ELDERLY WORKERS

"It is perfectly ridiculous—this preference the business world of to-day shows for young people simply because they are young," said a middle-aged woman lately, herself a worker, and just returned from a fruitless effort to persuade a firm, with whose head she was acquainted, to employ a gray-haired friend of hers in some minor position. "What do you suppose they told me? That a woman over 30 wasn't bidable. She was 'set in her ways' and self-opinionated; they must have some one who was willing to learn and would do exactly as she was told. When I disposed of that objection, they then said elderly women were always getting sick and staying away from work; that they resented being corrected in any oversight and took as a right little liberties that a younger person would promptly be denied. At last they admitted that appearances had a great deal to do with the matter, and even when applicants were all young; the prettier and more becomingly gowned were selected, with an almost total disregard of their business aptitude, if the position to be filled were an unimportant one. 'But is that fair?' I protested," continued the industrial advocate, "and what do you suppose they told me? That a trade could be taught; the work would get done somehow; when it was not hard any one not actually stupid could turn off as much as her wages were worth, but that good looks and especially youthfulness were absolutely necessary to the atmosphere of their places. They had found that sour faces, a general atmosphere of aches and pains and despondency vitiated the work and had a direct and actual effect on the amount of output. An atmosphere of playfulness, even, if a few minutes here and there were lost in nonsense, was an infinitely better working medium than one of plodding middle-aged, hard grind." The speaker shook her head in a discouraged fashion. "What is to become of us old people stranded in the business world?" she queried.

"I know a large publishing house in this city," said another woman present, "where the aim has for years avowedly been to select young, fine looking employes, both men and women. To-day there is hardly such another corps of workers in the city. I have heard people say that it was exhilarating just to go in there on a business errand. The place is situated at the top of a semi-skyscraper, well lighted, well heated, cool, simply yet attractively appointed. Every worker is comfortable and looks it. An unbecoming gown would be frowned out of existence. An especially attractive coiffure or attire is apt to be noticed by the powers that be, courteously, delicately, but most encouragingly. The salaries paid by this house are comparatively small, but it is a mecca for those who know of it."

"But what is to become of the homely women who are just as hungry, just as desirous of dressing neatly as their more fortunate sisters?" protested the initial speaker in the discussion.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but one thing is certain, the standard of

THE PAPYRUS

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Oh yes, we know They Say this kind of a magazine can't succeed, but if it's the Kind you would like to read, suppose you Help us to stay.

You don't want the Other Fellows to have All the cakes and ale, do you? Just send us Now, while you think of it, a Lone Dollar, and we'll keep each other's Company for a Year.

Seize the psychic moment when your Dollar looks to us as big as a Cart Wheel. Later on we shall be looking at it through the Other End of the glass.

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THE HEART OF THE OZARKS.

A Story of The Younger Bros.
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women wage earners is steadily being raised in many respects. As in all progress, some, I suppose—many, no doubt—must suffer and eventually be crowded out of the ranks, but in the long run—and it is this that counts, after all—women workers, as a whole, will be benefited. I confess I have not the strength of character to turn a woman down just on account of her age and appearance, but I have no censure for any who may. I believe that in putting a premium on the best things, we rightfully take our place as helpers of the natural order, which is to eliminate the less advantageous to progress."—*New York Tribune.*

A married editor soliloquizes thus of the gentler sex; "There is gladness in her gladness when she's glad, and there is sadness in her sadness when she's sad; but the gladness of her gladness and the sadness of her sadness are nothing to her madness when she's mad."—London Tit-Bits.

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THE STOCK MARKET

Things in Wall street have quieted down to a considerable extent. The impression prevails that the bear campaign has culminated, and that prices will soon be again on the up-grade. In the last few days, the bruins have contented themselves with occasional attacks on a few stocks held by tottering cliques and discredited individual operators, but they failed to accomplish anything of a particularly noteworthy character. As a result of the temporary cessation of bear operations, transactions have fallen off very decidedly. So far as the public is concerned, it cannot be said that there is as yet any definite indication of its being disposed to re-enter the buying ranks. Prominent commission houses continue to report a deplorable lack of orders, and to express the opinion that the present state of affairs is likely to prevail, until more is known about the crops and the future of the money and industrial markets.

Late doings in Wall street have well-nigh destroyed the last remnant of confidence among "outsiders." The cynical attitude adopted by a few leading operators is not relished by the thousands who have lost their money and are now anxiously looking for ways and means to recoup themselves. The prolonged silence of J. P. Morgan is much commented upon. When this mogul of finance spoke last, he took occasion to lament the downward tendency in values and the refusal of the dear public to purchase "undigested" securities in more liberal quantities. Since then, for reasons that can easily be imagined, he has consistently kept "mum." At no time could he be induced to intimate his views on the situation, bear attacks and flurries in the money market. Morgan has, it seems, concluded that, under prevailing conditions, discreet silence is much to be preferred to mystifying loquacity.

However, it is commonly assumed that the inaugurator of the late lamented phenomenal stock boom has been a very busy man in the past few months. Some even go so far as to insinuate that he rendered active assistance, occasionally, to the bear contingent; that he, in fact,

could tell a good deal more regarding some of the causes and incidents of the collapse in values than he would care to divulge. It is stated, for instance, that the market entered upon its worst phase of depression right after the winding up of the United States Steel syndicate, which, it will be remembered, received the bagatelle of something like two hundred per cent for its two years' troubles. That both preferred and common shares should have dropped so suddenly and persistently ever since that syndicate retired from active business is now regarded as strong proof of the theory that Morgan and his coterie of market manipulators and financiers have not been at all inimical to bear operations. Of course, Morgan will never admit that such has been the fact; he would be an arrant fool, if he did.

That the famous financier has depreciated heavily in public esteem, cannot be doubted. Recent developments in the stock market and the collapse of a few of his trust-creations have created a bad impression. The great financial juggler has been proved fallible in his judgment; he has shown his Achilles heel; he has given his enemies sufficient cause to propagate the suspicion that some of his other achievements of late years may turn out still more scandalous fiascos. Just look at all the difficulties he has to contend with in connection with efforts now making to keep that grotesque monster, the International Mercantile Marine Co on its feet, or, better to say, away from the breakers! There are some unfeeling ones who do not hesitate to predict that, within a year or so, this combine in the realm of Neptune will not be able to pay its interest charges, much less any dividends on its shares. That a drastic reorganization is in store for the concern is strongly probable.

"Charley" Schwab, it is said, will soon resign the presidency of the steel trust. He has evidently become *persona non grata*. It is often said that he is a very sick man. This may be the case, but there are a good many stockholders of the trust who are, undoubtedly, a good deal "sicker" than "Charley." Mr. Corey is slated to succeed the first president of the corporation. He is known to be eminently qualified for the job, and should prove thoroughly satisfactory to the conservative element. The shares of the United States Steel Corporation behaved themselves somewhat more encouragingly in the last few days, and it would seem as if bottom had been touched for some time to come. Still it is not apparent that there is really good buying in them; if there were, prices would have rallied more sharply. The shares will act in sympathy with the rest of the list.

The annual statement of the Atchison showed a surprising decrease in income. This was, of course, due entirely to the higher percentage of operating expenses and, also, it is to be presumed, to the recent floods in the West. The disappointing figures induced some heavy selling for both long and short account, but it did not seem as if insiders were really taking any leading part in the movement. The common

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stock, as a 4 per cent dividend-payer, looks like a tempting purchase at about 63, at which price it nets almost 7 per cent on the investment. Yet there are some astute calculators who believe that it will, before long, sell at a still lower price. These Cassandra prophets believe that further increases in the cost of operation will, eventually, make a reduction in the dividend rate inevitable. They may be right, yet, for the nonce, the fact cannot be disguised that Atchison common is selling at prices that invite purchases by courageous people.

The monetary situation shows some improvement, but only on the surface. The rate for time loans is still high for this time of the year, and it would be a good deal higher, unquestionably, if there were more applications from first-class borrowers. An encouraging feature is the declining tendency in sterling exchange, which, at this writing, is quoted below 4.86. Some financial authorities believe that, in the case of further or more serious trouble in the stock market, New York financiers should not find it difficult to import gold from Europe. The sterling rate at Berlin and Paris is slowly creeping up. Fears of political complications in the Far East, and heavy selling of "Kaf-firs," have led to a sharp drop in British consols and general weakness in the London and Paris markets.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Prices in the St. Louis market have shown a firmer tendency in the past week. In some prominent issues, there could be noted some rather confident buying by the bolder class of speculators. The bulls are clinging to the theory that there will be another sharp advance in values, and that insiders have been heavy buyers on the late "slumps." Some of the bank and trust company issues, they say, will score decisive gains as soon as confidence has partially been restored. They stoutly believe that, at present quotations, some of the active issues are great bargains. Whether or not they are correct in holding this belief, will soon be made clear to all parties interested.

St. Louis Transit has rebounded decisively from its late low level. At this writing, it is again selling at 20. Transactions have been on a large scale, some of the buyers evidently acting on the belief that the worst has been seen. United preferred displayed great weakness for a few days, but, on the coming in of some large buying orders, rose rapidly until it hit 69. The 4 per cent bonds, after declining to 79½, rallied again to 80½. The weakness of these securities is much commented upon.

Third National still sells at 300, where it seems to be pegged. All offerings at that level are readily taken. Bank of Commerce is a trifle lower; the last sale was made at 322. Lincoln Trust is steady at about 248. Missouri Trust is quoted at 125½ bid; American Central Trust at 150 bid; Mechanics' National at 257 bid, and St. Louis Union at 337½ bid. For American Exchange 248 is asked.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are lower; they sold at 92½ the other day. For Missouri-Edison 5s, 97 is asked, and for Laclede Gas 5s, 104½ is bid.

Bank clearances continue to show decreases. Money is in fair demand at previous rates. Sterling exchange is weak, being quoted at 4.86½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

P. K. H.—Would advise holding Erie 1st preferred. May go a little lower,

but believe that it will yet come up to your purchase price.

W. R. L., Montgomery City, Mo.—The school bonds mentioned are quoted nominally, at 102¼ bid, 104½ asked. They are not readily salable. Consider them perfectly safe, however.

N. H. F., Quincy, Ill.—Would not advise investing in Metropolitan securities. Too much water in capitalization. Brooklyn Rapid Transit cannot be regarded as a good purchase, in spite of present low prices. It has ever been a football for gamblers. Quite probable, however, that it will rally about ten points.

X. X. X., Ft. Scott, Kan.—Believe Sugar will go lower. American Locomotive preferred pays a large rate, but cannot be considered a safe investment. The company is, however, well managed.

A. L.—Would not touch Granite-Bimetallic. The exact position of the company is a mystery. Support looks fictitious. Insiders have been heavy sellers for some time. They let the stock slide in big chunks when it sold at \$3.00 and over.



A GOOD THING WENT WRONG.

Once upon a time, a man who lived in the city by choice all the year around, sent his family away for the entire summer. And as he came home in the cool of the evening and sat down in a comfortable armchair, while the soft wind blew the draperies around, and he put on his pajamas and lighted a fragrant cigar and ordered his evening meal sent up, he said joyfully to himself—

"Life with me from this time on is indeed one long sweet cinch. I can smoke all over the house, take a bath every hour, live without curtains and have things my own way. All I want is the companionship of a few congenial spirits."

The next day he went around and told everybody what a grand spot he had, with a bursting sideboard full of real old stuff, and he urged the boys, with tears in his eyes, to make it their home, and drop in every evening and feel that they were always welcome.

And all the city boys he knew took him at his word, and night after night they made merry at his expense. Not only this, but they took his money away from him, told him stories that he had heard many times before and made his life so miserable that in four weeks' time he sent the following telegram to his wife:

"Come at once. Bring all the dogs and children."

Moral—Home is all right, when you don't abuse it.—Life.



INDIAN TERRITORY SCHOOLS

Twin Territories is the recipient every month of many inquiries of this nature.

"Are there any schools in the Indian Territory?"

"Does everybody speak Indian?"

Yes, there are schools in Indian Territory, and just as good schools as can be found in the State, and there are Indians who talk in their native tongue, but one might be here for years and hear nothing but his own language.

In the Cherokee Nation there are 150 day or common schools, and most of the teachers are citizens of that tribe. In the Creek Nation there are sixty-five

day schools, but all the teachers, except possibly a dozen, are from the States. The Choctaw country has 160 schools and employs nearly all outside teachers. About fifteen native Choctaws teach. The Chickasaw Nation only has twenty day schools and they are taught by non-citizens.

While the Indians still talk their own language among themselves, they are never taught it in the common schools. They were not even taught it when the Indians had complete control of their own schools. The Cherokees have a language and alphabet of their own. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians use the same language. The Creeks and Seminoles use the same. All are entirely different languages, and one tribe cannot understand the language of another tribe.—Twin Territories.



"I thank you, sir, for your kind permission to call on your daughter."

"Remember that I turn out the gas at 10 o'clock."

"All right, sir. I'll not come before that time."—The New Yorker.



Good Sport in Colorado.

Colorado is almost the only portion of the United States where big game is still comparatively plentiful.

Leave the railroad behind you, hire a guide and plunge "into the interior" on horseback—that's the way to bag them.

All this costs money and takes time—but it's worth while.

Low rates via the Rock Island, June 1 to September 30. Information on request.

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Our August Clearing Sale

Is a Sale for the Purpose of Making Room in Our Many Departments for Our Immense Fall Stocks.

SUITS, WAISTS, SKIRTS, JACKETS.

The Genuine Reductions in This Department Have Made It Most Popular, and we will Continue to Cut Prices Until we Have the Necessary Space. All White Wash Waists Greatly Reduced.



Short Silk Wraps and Jackets

Monte Carlo Loose-Back Jackets and Blouses; just the thing for evening wear—these are worth from \$10 to \$13—now\$5.98
These are elaborately trimmed and have sold for \$15 to \$25—now\$0.98
Traveling Wraps of light-weight Venetians, Broadcloths, Meltons and a few Brilliantines, worth from \$13.50 to \$20—now.....\$7.50
Light-Weight Long Silk Wraps, in taffeta and peau de soie, elegantly trimmed—an opportunity to buy an evening wrap for fall at summer prices—\$25 Wraps now \$13.50; \$35 Wraps now \$18.50; \$45 Wraps, now \$20, and our \$75 and \$85 Wraps now \$35.
White Linen Skirt, Indian-head brand, four different styles—were \$3—now... ..\$1.38
Dress and Walking Skirts for all occasions;

etamine, cloth and brilliantine—were \$7.50 to \$6.00—now\$4.50
Bannockburn Tweed Walking Skirts, seven-gore with tailor straps on hips and bottom—a \$13.50 Skirt for\$6.75
Peau de Soie and Taffeta Silk Dress Skirts, beautifully made and trimmed with bands of velvet, silk and guimp—you could not match any of them for \$15—all go at.....\$6.50
Voile, Etamine, Serge and Cheviot Suits in blue, green, tan, red, gray, mixtures and black—were \$25 to \$20—now.....\$7.50
Lawn, Indian Linen, Chambray and Oxford Dress Suits, styles too numerous to mention—these suits formerly sold for from \$10 to \$15—now all are to be closed out at \$5.00
Dress and Walking Suits, in odd lots, no two alike, in blues, tans, grays and blacks, also mixtures—worth \$8.50 to \$11.50—now....\$4.98
Dress Suits of China silk, summer silk, pongee and etamine—just the thing for summer evenings—handsomely made and trimmed—were \$27.50 to \$25—now.....\$15.00

Ladies' and Children's Summer Hosiery and Knit Underwear

Must Be Closed Out to Make Room for New Fall Goods, Arriving Daily.

Ladies' Fast Black Cotton and Imported Fancy Lisle Thread Hose, vertical stripe and polka dot cotton, were 15c, 25c and 50c, August Price11c

Children's Fast Black Ribbed Cotton Hose, double knee, heel and toe; also Infants' tan, lace and red cotton, were 15c, 20c and 35c, choice10c

Ladies' Imported fast black cotton, also tan color unbleached split feet and children's fine gauge, fast black 1x1 ribbed hose, were 25c, August Price, per pair15c

Children's White Lace Mercerized Sox, sizes 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, and 7½; August Price22c

Ladies' Imported Fast Black Allover Lace Lisle Thread and black and white vertical stripe, were 50c; August Price35c

Racine Stocking Black and Unbleached Clear Seams, sizes 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, per half dozen50c

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Cotton Vests, low neck, silk ribbon in neck and arms, were 12½c; August Price7½c

Ladies' Richelieu rib fine gauge Cotton Vests, low neck, silk ribbon in neck and arms, were 19c; August Price10c

Ladies' extra large size Jersey Ribbed Knee Pants, lace trimmed, French bands, 35c goods; August Price25c

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed French Lisle Thread Union Suits, low neck, silk ribbon in neck and arms, were 50c; August Price22c

Boys' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, broken sizes and styles, were 25c and 35c; August Price, each17½c

A very large assortment of Beautiful Silk Shawls, suitable for evening, mountains or sea shore; prices, \$6, \$3.75, \$2.98, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.75, \$1.50, \$1.19 and\$1.00

Men's Furnishing Sale

Our Special Sale of Furnishings which commenced Monday is a great success. New Features Every Day.

Underwear and Shirts

Men's extra fine French Lisle Shirts and Drawers, all sizes, our regular \$1.75 quality—Special Sale Price85c

Men's silk-finished Balbriggan Shirts, with double seated drawers to match, seconds of a regular 50c garment—Our price for sale..35c

2 cases of Men's Balbriggan Underwear, that sold regularly for 29c and 35c, now.....21c

Our regular 75c and \$1.00 values in Shirts are melting fast at the prices we are offering them; every one knows what a shirt bargain here means—while they last59c

All Monarchs Cut to 79c

Half Hose and Suspenders

Men's fine lisle web fancy Suspenders; all of the best of this season's goods, that sold for 35c, now22c

Men's lisle finished black and tan cotton one-half Hose; all sizes; worth 12½c, now..8 I-3c

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

HOW THE "LAMB" ESCAPED

For once it is not the "lamb" who has come to grief in Wall street. This is conceded on all sides.

Everybody agrees that the public, which is another name for the "lamb," is not in the market and has not been in it for several months. It is the millionaire plunger, the *nouveau riche* trust magnate, who is being squeezed in such ursine fashion that his moans are audible throughout the country. The gentlemen who ordinarily "milk" the market are themselves being milked and the process is painful.

It is easy enough to understand how the unprecedented situation came about—how the "lambs" got out and the wolves were left to hold the bag. The very innocence and weakness of the "lamb" saved him from overwhelming disaster.

The general public—the element which usually furnishes the victims for a Wall street killing—held its stocks on such small margins that it was speedily "wiped out" when the present decline began. It lost what money it had up, but it saved whatever it had in reserve, because the decline was so steady and unbroken that there was no temptation to go in again on the long side, and the "lamb" rarely gambles on the short side.

Hence the "lamb" has taken his relatively small losing with equanimity and has settled back to enjoy the unprecedented and soothing spectacle of the big plunger taking his medicine. And the big plunger has had to take it in heavy doses.

In his case he was margined more heavily than the "lamb" and when called upon for additional margins he has responded again and again, until there are instances where stocks bought at 170 have been margined down to 115, with the prospect that they will have to be carried down still further.

In some cases, in many cases, the demand for additional margins could not be met even by multimillionaires, and it is these failures to respond which have led to the throwing of huge blocks of stock on the market, thus accentuating the decline and rendering the burden of the surviving plungers harder to bear.

It has been a woeful time for the gentlemen who have been buying diamonds by the pint and the champagne by the ship load, and from all indications the sledding is not likely to improve appreciably in the immediate future.

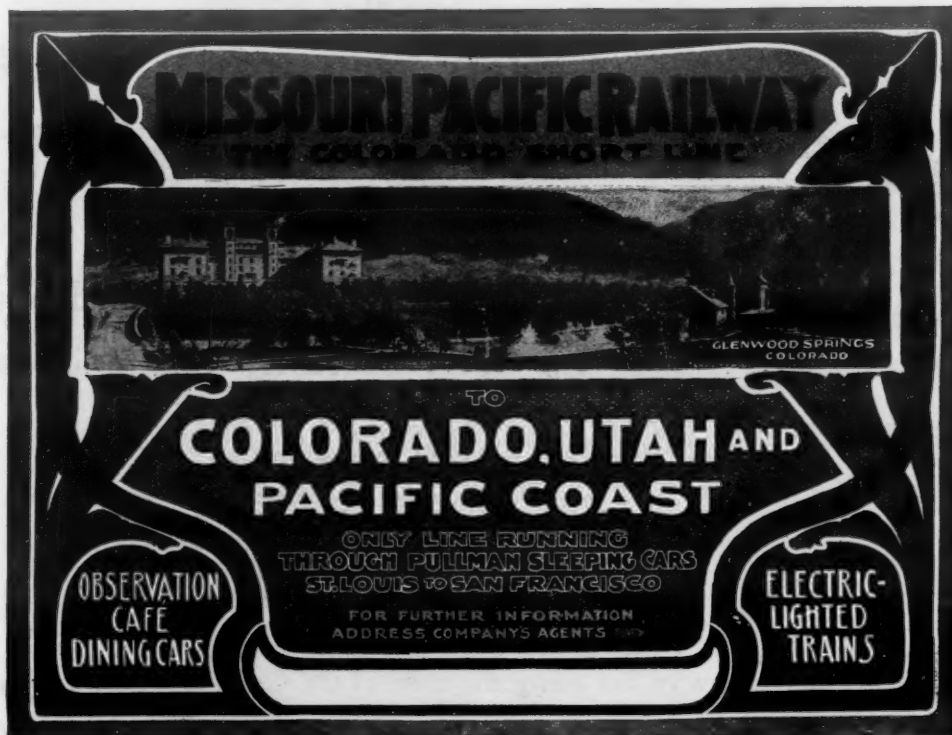
As for the lamb—well, he is still the same fleecy, innocent cosset and the money he has miraculously saved out of Wall street is probably flying around in the corn pit or on the cotton exchange, for where the shearer of wool abides there the "lamb" delights to gambol.—*Chicago Chronicle*.



THERE ARE OTHERS

Mifkins—You have used the word "donkey" several times in the last ten minutes. Am I to understand that you mean anything of a personal nature?

Bifkins—Certainly not. There are lots of donkeys in the world besides you.—*Chicago News*.



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